THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.

THE appointment of CHARLES HALE, of Massachusetts, as Assistant Secretary of State, brings again into the service of the government one of the most able, upright, and experienced of our younger public men, whose hold upon the regard of his friends and the confidence of the Administration has not been relaxed by his long residence abroad as consul-general in Egypt. Mr. HALE is by profession a journalist and lawyer. His father founded, and for a long time edited, the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, and his son CHARLES, after graduating at Cambridge, was associated in the editorial management of the paper, rising rapidly to be its editor in chief. Early engaged in public life, he was a representative in the Legislature, and while yet a very young man was Speaker of the House in the Massachusetts General Court. During the short time in which his uncle, EDWARD EVERETT, was Secretary of State, Mr. HALE passed some time in Washington as an observer and a student; and at the beginning of Mr. LINCOLN'S administration, at the request of Mr. SEWARD, Mr. HALE prepared a manual in regard to the consular pupils. Under Mr. FISH the business of the State Department has been more thoroughly and admirably organized than ever before; and the Secretary and the country are equally to be congratulated upon the happy selection that has been made.

CUBAN BELLIGERENCE.

THERE has been some feeling of hostility to Spain developed by the murder of the students at Havana, and Mr. COX, of New York, has introduced in Congress resolutions of recognition of Cuban belligerence. But however deeply so wanton a crime as the massacre of the students may stir the foreign reader, and however urgent may be the duty of our government to insist upon the amplest protection of our citizens in Cuba, the concession of belligerent rights, or, in Mr. SUMNER'S phrase, belligerence, is another question. It is, indeed, the question which BURKE asked of the sheriffs of Bristol a hundred years ago in reference to the American colonies—whether they should enjoy the benefits of the law of nations. It is the question to which a famous reply was made by Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, in his speech upon the recognition of the independence of the Spanish-American colonies. He said that independence was not a right to be determined by reason, but a fact to be settled by evidence. He then produced evidence that the forces of Spain were reduced to a handful of men, and that the Spanish flag flew from one fort only; and he insisted that, in fact, Spain had lost control of the colonies, that there was no actual contest, and that there was an operative independent government.

A few years later, during the Greek revolution, Mr. CANNING, in his famous dispatch to the British minister at Constantinople, went a step further. He said that belligerence, like independence, was a fact; and that when a party in a war had no prize courts, and could not administer justice upon the ocean, but must destroy its prizes, then belligerency, in the true sense, was not a fact, and could not, therefore, be recognized. This was a doctrine dear to every neutral, and therefore to us, who are so generally neutral; and it was this doctrine upon which Mr. SUMNER insisted in his speech against the JOHNSON treaty. It is, indeed, a principle which can govern national action. When civil war in another country arises, or when a colony attempts to throw off the government of a parent country, the question is simply, not what our feelings are, but what the situation is. In the United States, for instance, our feelings are always with the oppressed every where. But we do not, therefore, perpetually proceed to right wrongs every where by force, knowing that if we did so other nations could do the same, and that we should relapse into barbarism.

Meanwhile, of course, we reserve and assert the right of recognizing belligerency when we choose. That is indisputable. But the important question is, upon what principle shall we choose? Shall it be that we wish well to one side and not to the other, or that we think they have both fought long enough, or that there is doubt whether an insurrection can be suppressed? Obviously there is no principle here; there is no fact. We may assert that under American principles every people ought to govern itself. Shall we, therefore, recognize the belligerence of Ireland? Or we may assert that every people has a right to independence. Shall we, therefore, try to thrust France out of Algeria? If we found recognition of belligerence upon abstract rights, there can never be a definite ground of action.

Now a fact can be established by evidence, and when it is proposed to begin the recognition of the independence of Cuba—for the concession of belligerence is nothing less—it is necessary to know whether the island is actually independent, or whether the hold of Spain is so relaxed that it is virtually so. The familiar fact is that the war has lasted for a long time; that Spain is sending fresh troops; that Spain commands the ports; that the Cuban republic has no really operative government; and that although the Volunteers have great control, they are virtually soldiers of Spain, while the only actual government upon the island is by the authority of Spain.

We have undoubtedly the right to recognize belligerence at our pleasure, but not without reason and upon principle; and the consideration that there has been a long war upon the island, and that there is great cruelty, may justify intervention in the name of humanity, which is a wholly exceptional proceeding; but it does not establish the fact that there is an organized, valid government, independent of Spain, and with the power of administering justice on land and sea.

TRUE ECONOMY.

WE see with pleasure that Mr. JUDD, of Richmond County, has proposed in the New York Legislature a resolution for an amendment of the constitution, providing that the members shall be paid eight dollars a day instead of three, as now, but that they shall not receive more than eight hundred dollars as compensation in any one session. Dr. FRANKLIN'S doctrine that legislators should serve for the honor and for the patriotic consciousness of doing their duty would have a result which the doctor was far from intending. It would place us under a government of rich men only. Indeed, it is now a very considerable sacrifice for men of small incomes dependent upon their own industry to serve as members of the Legislature, or even to accept higher positions, and the public service is consequently often the loser. If a man comes to Albany, for instance, upon a salary of three dollars a day, he must live very carefully, if he would not exceed that income; and a very large and sudden increase of it, promising him comfort and ease without labor, is a very serious temptation to him. It is to this feeling that the corrupt lobby appeals; and the small pay of the members is a very large temptation to dishonesty.

It is true that a man who would be dishonest upon three dollars a day would not necessarily be honest upon eight. But if that is a reason for not paying him eight, it is equally a reason for paying him nothing. For if he would be dishonest upon three dollars a day, he would probably be no more dishonest if he were paid nothing at all. The rule to follow is that fair work deserves fair wages. If the people would arouse themselves to the election every year, and send honest representatives from every district, it would be a saving to the State treasury, while State legislation would be greatly improved, even if the members were paid three or five thousand dollars. Parsimony in the salaries of important offices is a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy. It is felt in the case of judges, but it is universally true. If judges were elected every year and paid small salaries, the bench would be every where filled with very inferior men, and the administration of law would be brought into contempt. The same principle applies elsewhere, in a degree, and Mr. JUDD'S resolution will, we hope, lead to a thorough debate of the question.

PERSONAL.

SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN, just re-elected United States Senator from Ohio, is comparatively a young man for one who has been so long and continuously in public life, being only forty-nine years of age. He was first elected to Congress in 1854, and after seven years' service in the House, succeeded to the unexpired term of Senator CHASE, was re-elected for the full term expiring in March next, and now re-elected for six years from that time. He has been Chairman of the Finance Committee since Mr. FESSENDEN left the Senate for the Treasury, and has had the confidence of every Secretary of the Treasury since then. He is said to be a cold man, and his manners are reserved, but his intimate friends know him to be cordial and hearty. He is prudent and industrious to a rare degree. His usual style of speaking is rather formal; but when a little excited by debate he is earnest, rapid, and eloquent.

—The death of Mr. JOSEPH GILLOTT, the celebrated manufacturer of steel pens, fitly recalls the brilliant passage in BULWER'S "Richelieu," "The pen is mightier than the sword." "Take away the sword: states may be saved without it." He commenced work in a garret fifty years ago. He dies a millionaire, respected because he has won the title of an honorable mechanic and man of business, esteemed for the invention of an instrument for writing that has carried his name into every nook and corner of the world. The total number of steel pens annually made in Birmingham is over 1,000,000,000. The gold pen was first manufactured in this country. LEVI BROWN, a watch-maker of Detroit, commenced it in Detroit in 1835, but did not meet with much success until 1840, when he removed to this city. At first the pens were cut with scissors into shape from a thin flat strip of gold. In 1844 a machine for their manufacture was invented by Mr. JOHN RENDELL, which has since undergone many improvements, and by which all gold pens are now manufactured.

—As was anticipated by every gentleman in the community who knew what *ought* to be done, Mr. THOMAS BOESE has been appointed Clerk of the Superior Court of this city, the order having been signed by all the judges. Mr. BOESE was for many years Clerk of the Board of Education, and was distinguished for the superior executive ability he displayed in that position. Declining to prostitute whatever of patronage attached to the office to the behests of the Ring, and manifesting a proper self-respect and manhood, he was deemed to be politically unsound, and consequently was removed from his position. To the more permanent and responsible office to which he has now been appointed he brings large experience, sound judgment, and an amenity of manner that are widely known to the bar and to the community generally.

—The London *Spectator*, alluding to events in this city, mentions that the "recent victory of decent citizens over the Tammany Ring is due to some pictorial jokes issued by an artist named NAST, in *Harper's Weekly*, a paper of vast circulation, and clear of pecuniary corruption."

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY is engaged in the preparation of a course of four lectures, which he has been invited to deliver before the Royal Institution, in London, on the successive Saturdays of March. His subject is "Demonology," and those who have read Mr. CONWAY'S papers in *Harper's Magazine* on "The Sacred Flora," will be satisfied as to his ability to throw new light upon the history of human superstition. Probably no living man has given more attention than has Mr. CONWAY to the study of the folk-lore of all nations. Mr. CONWAY stands foremost in the highest order of magazine writers. His paper in the February *Harper* on "The Scott Centenary" is a most valuable contribution of new and interesting matter relating to Sir WALTER SCOTT.

—In FORSTER'S "Life of Charles Dickens" are the following "personals" of Americans, written by Mr. DICKENS himself: "DANA, the author of that 'Two Years before the Mast' (a book which I had praised much to him, thinking it like DE FOE), is a very nice fellow indeed, and in appearance not the man you would expect. He is short, mild-looking, and has a care-worn face. His father is exactly like GEORGE CRUIKSHANK after a night's jollity—only shorter. The professors at the Cambridge University, LONGFELLOW, FELTON, JARED SPARKS, are noble fellows. So is KENYON'S friend, TICKNOR. BANCROFT is a famous man; a straightforward, manly, earnest heart, and talks much of you, which is a great comfort. Dr. CHANNING I will tell you more of after I have breakfasted alone with him next Wednesday....SUMNER is of great service to me....The President of the Senate here presides at my dinner on Tuesday. I was delighted to find on board the boat at New Haven a Mr. FELTON, whom I had known in Boston. He is the Greek professor at Cambridge, and was going on to the ball and dinner. Like most men of his class whom I have seen, he is a most delightful fellow—unaffected, hearty, genial, jolly; quite an Englishman of the best sort. We drank all the porter on board, ate all the cold pork and cheese, and were very merry indeed."

—Mr. CHESTER W. CHAPIN, of Springfield, Massachusetts, a man well to do in the matter of assets, felt the genial influences of merry Christmas to that extent that he gave each of his four children fifty thousand dollars, as a present, and to mark his thorough respect for the day set apart for that festival.

—The Duke of Ripalda, a Spanish nobleman, is the fortunate possessor of a picture by RAPHAEL, which just now occupies the notice of the English press, and the attention of connoisseurs throughout Europe. The price set upon the picture is £40,000. It is now on view in the National Gallery. It is undoubtedly a work of the master whose name is connected with it, and is one of those pictures the history of which, for nearly four hundred years, is known beyond doubt. Various accounts have appeared about it in different books on the several European galleries; and, briefly, its history is this: RAPHAEL, while the pupil of his Umbrian master, PERUGINO, received a commission from the nuns of St. Antony of Padua, to paint them an altar-piece. The picture now offered for sale is the one ordered by the good nuns in or about the year 1504. Tempted by the increased value of their property, or from actual poverty, in 1663 they sold a part of their Raphael, consisting of four little panels, to the Queen of Sweden. These are now in England: one is at Dulwich, the other three are in private galleries. In 1678 the nuns sold the rest of their picture to an agent of the Prince COLONNA. In 1802 his heirs sold it to the King of Naples. In 1860 the then King of Naples left Italy rather hurriedly, but he found time to dispose of many of his chattels, among others his Raphael. He gave it to the Duke of Ripalda, Spanish embassador. This nobleman offered it to the French government first; and on their declining it, he has sent it to England. It is understood the authorities in Trafalgar Square will recommend the nation to give £20,000 for it. Of course such works, when of undoubted genuineness, have no settled market value. Immense prices are asked and obtained for them.

—General CAMERON makes no secret to his friends that at the expiration of his present Senatorial term, in 1873, he will not be a candidate for re-election, but will retire permanently to private life. General CAMERON is the oldest man in the Senate, being seventy-three. He was left an orphan when nine years old. He educated himself while working at his trade as a printer in Harrisburg and Washington city. After publishing and editing a paper at Doylestown a few years, he established a bank at Middletown. Before he entered Congress he was cashier of the bank, president of two railroad companies, and Adjutant-General of the State. In 1845 he was elected United States Senator, and re-elected in 1857. He was LINCOLN'S Secretary of War in 1861 and 1862, and in the latter year appointed minister to Russia. In 1867 he was again chosen Senator. Perhaps no man in Pennsylvania ever wielded power so long and successfully as SIMON CAMERON.

—During the time Colonel FORNEY was editor of the national Democratic organ at Washington, during PIERCE'S administration, CALEB CUSHING was Attorney-General, and though deeply immersed in the business of his department, hardly let a day pass without sending him an editorial. As a newspaper writer he is unsurpassed, especially on foreign questions. In society he is delightful. Excelling in conversation, his reminiscences are original and graphic. It is very interesting to sit by and hear him talk of the characters of the past without hatred or prejudice. A man of large wealth, inherited and self-earned, a widower without children, fond of labor, of matchless excellence as a practitioner in the Supreme Court of the United States, he is also a great student—devouring every new book as it comes out, novels inclusive, and remembering every thing he reads. His health is good, his activity remarkable, his habits temperate. It would scarcely be possible to send to Geneva a man of greater erudition or more varied experience than Mr. CUSHING.

THE attention of our readers will be attracted by the communication to be found on another page from the respected bankers Messrs. FISK & HATCH, relating to the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. The extension of this railroad to the Ohio River is nearly completed, and in a few months the whole line will be in successful operation as a new and very advantageous route from the Atlantic coast to the West. The fifteen millions first mortgage loan of the company has been nearly absorbed by investors, a small amount only remaining unsold. It will be seen that this company embraces in its board of directors some of the most wealthy and influential business men in America, and its management being intrusted to gentlemen of great energy and experience and of high character, the conduct of its affairs throughout is distinguished for ability, prudence, and integrity. Mr. C. P. HUNTINGTON, the president, is also vice-president and chief financial manager of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, one of the most successful and independent corporations on this continent. Mr. HUNTINGTON and his associates, discerning the very extraordinary demand for transportation between the Mississippi Valley and the sea-board, which has been sufficient to enrich and strengthen immensely each successive East and West trunk line, and discerning also the great superiority of the Chesapeake and Ohio route in distance, grades, and fuel, determined to extend the line to the Ohio, according to the original design, as soon as possible. A large force has been kept at the work, and the grading on the unfinished portion is so well advanced that track-laying will be resumed in May next, and continued without interruption until finished, during the coming summer. This line, with its connections, will furnish the much-needed short and easy route for the cotton of the Southwest States—Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi; the tobacco, hemp, and cattle of Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana; the provisions and breadstuffs of the Northwestern States—to the Atlantic ports, besides accommodating an immense mineral traffic, in both directions, from the coal, iron, and salt deposits of Virginia, West Virginia, and Southern Ohio. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, as is well understood, is not an experiment, but is to be ranked among the most important and prosperous East and West lines of the country.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

VERY little business was transacted in Congress during the week ending January 13. The most noteworthy incidents were Senator Cameron's introduction of a bill to permit six Japanese students to enter West Point Academy, on which no definite action was taken, and the offering of a resolution by Senator Carpenter, declaring that any attempt to take away the appointing power of the President was unconstitutional.

The Governor of Utah has sent a message to the Legislature, in which he declares that while the constitution protects religious convictions, they must not be out of harmony with the supreme law of the nation. He declares that matrimony is a civil contract as well as a sacrament, and must be so regarded in Utah.

The Republican National Committee met at Philadelphia on the 11th inst., and decided to hold the Republican National Convention in that city on the 5th of next June.

John Sherman has been re-elected United States Senator by the Ohio General Assembly.

The question has been raised in the Massachusetts Senate as to the expediency of passing a law to exempt railway passengers from liability to pay fare unless they are provided with seats.

A number of colored men waited upon President Grant recently to persuade him to send a message to Congress asking for the passage of Mr. Sumner's Supplementary Civil Rights bill as an amendment to the pending Amnesty bill. The President said that such action would jeopardize the passage of an amnesty law, while from his knowledge of Mr. Sumner's bill he believed it could pass on its merits as a separate measure.

The quarrel of rival factions in New Orleans for the possession of the State government, which at one time threatened to end in open war, appears to be subsiding. Both parties appeal to the President, but he declines to interfere except as a last resort to preserve the peace, and suggests the advisability of a Congressional investigation.

Henry Bell Mitchell, an Indian boy fourteen years of age, has been convicted of robbing the stage of the Sonoma Company. The robbery was committed by the boy alone, in the night, armed only with a fence picket.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Prince of Wales is rapidly recovering, and the medical bulletins from Sandringham have been discontinued. The *World* fears that the "amount of moral lecturing which he will now receive from press and pulpit as to the desirability of mending his ways will probably give a tinge of sadness to his gratitude for his recovery."

The diplomatic relations between France and Germany are improving. The representatives of the two nations at Paris and Berlin receive each other with much apparent cordiality.

The representative of Great Britain has delivered to the Emperor of Germany, the arbitrator agreed upon by England and the United States, the memorandum of the British government relative to the San Juan boundary question.

For the present the seat of the French government remains at Versailles. The committee appointed to consider the subject is not in favor of removal to Paris.

The Pope will shortly send an ultimatum to those bishops who have not accepted the dogma of infallibility.

The Emperor Napoleon threatens "startling revelations" regarding the French military system during the war. Whether before or after Sedan is not stated.

The ex-Empress of the French has sold her jewelry to a celebrated firm of jewelers in London for $400,000.

The Duke de Persigny died at Nice on the 12th inst., aged sixty-four years.

"ET TU, BRUTE?—THEN FALL, CÆSAR."

"THOUGH the Charter was not all it should have been, it was the best that could then be obtained, and it promised relief from great and long-continued wrong, under which the people of the City had been suffering, and from a system of government the abuses under which are now coming to light. The misconduct recently exposed was not a consequence from any of its provisions.

"The responsibility for the wrong-doing which has very justly aroused public indignation does not rest so much upon the Charter as upon individuals who held office in the City before the Charter was passed, and took office also under it.

"The complaints with regard to the late election in New York and Brooklyn, made through the Press, are chiefly of false counting of ballots and false returns by inspectors of election. The general suspicion of the existence of such an evil is almost as injurious as the practice itself: our people, if led to believe that it is carried on extensively, will neglect to vote, and will lose their habit of submitting quietly to the result of an election. The crime is, under our form of government, one of the worst, in its nature and in its effects, and should be punished accordingly. It is a practice which, if persisted in, is more likely to overturn our Government than any open war that can be levied against it. Effectual laws against bribery of the electors, and to take away an office obtained by bribery, thorough protection of the right of challenge on election day, severe penalties against miscounting of votes and against illegal voting, ought to suffice for the protection of the ballot, and will suffice if citizens, juries, and public officers will do their duty."—GOVERNOR HOFFMAN'S MESSAGE, 1872.

THE NEW FRANKLIN STATUE.

We give on this page a view of the new bronze statue of Benjamin Franklin, which has just been erected in Printing-House Square, as the rather scanty open space is called on which front the offices of the New York *Times* and *Tribune*. It was cast from a model designed by Captain De Groot, who, as our readers may remember, designed the huge Vanderbilt monument, the unveiling of which was the occasion of so much good-natured pleasantry in the papers. The statue itself is a gift from the designer to the Press of the city; the pedestal and railing are, we understand, to be paid for by subscription.

THE REV. THOMAS GUARD.

This eminent clergyman, who came to this country but a short time ago, is already well known in New York as one of the foremost of pulpit orators. He was born in County Galway, Ireland, where his father, an honored Wesleyan minister, labored for many years. Two of his brothers follow the same profession, and hold high positions in the Irish Conference.

The subject of the present sketch, whose portrait we give on this page, entered the ministry in his twentieth year, and for eleven years labored acceptably in Ireland. At the end of that time he severed his connection with the Irish Conference, and went to South Africa, under the auspices of the English Conference, as chaplain to one of the British colonies. There he served nine years, making many and warm friends for himself and the Church by his fidelity and zeal in his profession.

Since his arrival in this country Dr. Guard has preached and lectured in many of the principal cities of the United States and Canada, and his extraordinary gifts as a pulpit orator have been universally admitted. It is his intention to make his permanent home in the United States, and to become a citizen of the country.

THE REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

We give on this page the portrait of the Rev. George H. Hepworth, whose recent departure from the Unitarian denomination has attracted the attention of religious circles. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, February 4, 1833. Even when a child he is said to have given promise of those gifts of pulpit oratory which distinguished the maturity of his powers, and when only five years of age was accustomed to preach from a chair to childish audiences.

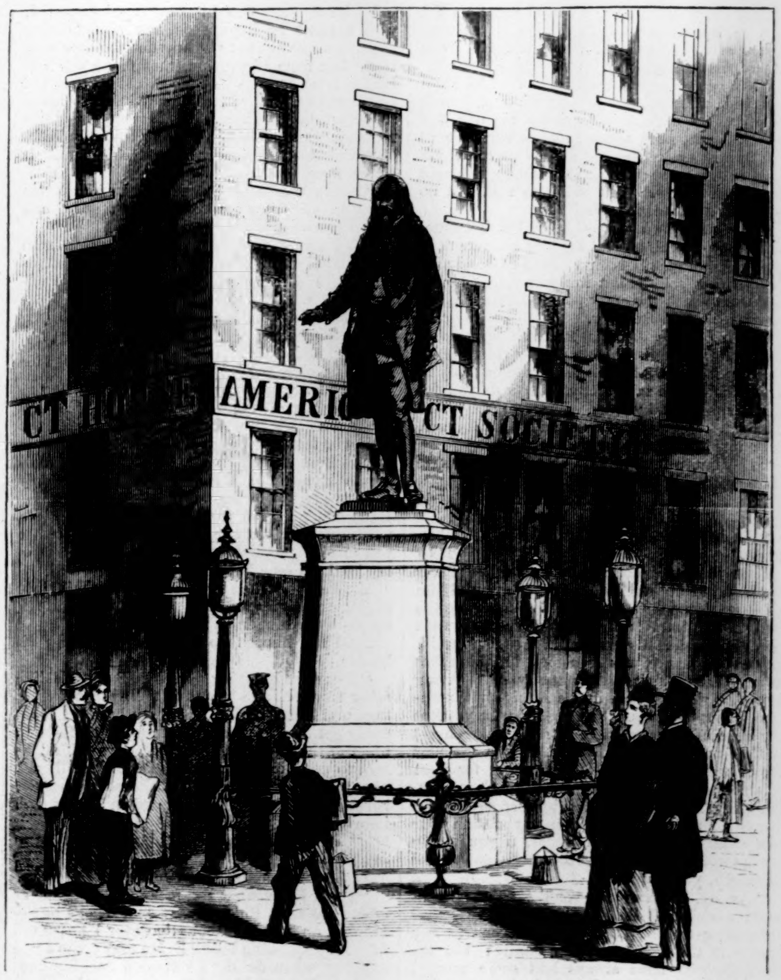
His education, commenced in the Boston Latin School, was continued under the direction of private tutors, delicate health preventing him from pursuing the regular college course. After studying three years in the Cambridge Theological School, he was settled in Nantucket for two years, at the end of which time, dissatisfied with the measure of his success as a preacher, he returned to Cambridge, and there pursued his studies as a resident graduate for another year.

He then commenced anew in Boston, where a church was built for him. His ministry was brilliant and successful; but feeling that the Church should look after the middle class as well as the rich, he hired the Boston Theatre, the most commodious public building in the city, where for four winters he preached to large audiences with great acceptance. He also commenced a theological school for the instruction of young men for the ministry, which he conducted for three years, when it was merged in the Cambridge school.

During a part of the war Mr. Hepworth served as a chaplain in a Massachusetts regiment, and at one time had charge of the Free Labor system in the Department of the Gulf, under General Banks.

He was called to New York in 1869, and the general course of his ministry since then is too well known to require a detailed statement in this place. For several years his theological views have been growing conservative, and he has several times endeavored to bring the Unitarian conferences to a definite denominational statement of views in regard to the points of difference between them and other denominations of Christians. Failing in this undertaking, he has at length formally severed his connection with that body, and taken his stand upon an independent platform. It is his intention to open a new church in Steinway Hall for the promulgation of his religious views.

Mr. Hepworth is a fine scholar, an able, eloquent, and fervent preacher, and a zealous worker for the welfare of man.



STATUE OF BEN. FRANKLIN, ERECTED IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, NEW YORK.
[Photographed by Rockwood.]

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book I.

MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER XII.

"He had more tow on his distaffe
Than Gerveis knew."
—Chaucer.

The ride to Stone Court, which Fred and Rosamond took the next morning, lay through a pretty bit of midland landscape, almost all meadows and pastures, with hedgerows still allowed to grow in bushy beauty, and to spread out coral fruit for the birds. Little details gave each field a particular physiognomy, dear to the eyes that have looked on them from childhood: the pool in the corner where the grasses were dank and trees leaned whisperingly; the great oak shadowing a bare place in mid-pasture; the high bank where the ash-trees grew; the sudden slope of the old marl-pit making a red background for the burdock; the huddled roofs and ricks of the homestead without a traceable way of approach; the gray gate and fences against the depths of the bordering wood; and the stray hovel, its old, old thatch full of mossy hills and valleys, with wondrous modulations of light and shadow, such as we travel far to see in later life, and see larger, but not more beautiful. These are the things that make the gamut of joy in landscape to midland-bred souls—the things they toddled among, or perhaps learned by heart standing between their father's knees while he drove leisurely.

But the road, even the by-road, was excellent; for Lowick, as we have seen, was not a parish of muddy lanes and poor tenants; and it was into Lowick parish that Fred and Rosamond entered after a couple of miles' trot. Another mile would bring them to Stone Court, and, at the end of the first half, the house was already visible, looking as if it had been arrested in its growth toward a stone mansion by an unexpected budding of farm buildings on its left flank, which had hindered it from becoming any thing more than the substantial dwelling of a gentleman farmer. It was not the less agreeable an object in the distance for the cluster of pinnacled corn ricks which balanced the fine row of walnuts on the right.

Presently it was possible to discern something that might be a gig on the circular drive before the front-door.

"Dear me," said Rosamond, "I hope none of my uncle's horrible relations are there."

"They are, though. That is Mrs. Waule's gig—the last yellow gig left, I should think. When I see Mrs. Waule in it, I understand how yellow

THE REV. THOMAS GUARD.—[Photographed by William Notman, Montreal.]

THE REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

can have been worn for mourning. That gig seems to me more funereal than a hearse. But then Mrs. Waule always has black crape on. How does she manage it, Rosy? Her friends can't always be dying."

"I don't know at all. And she is not in the least evangelical," said Rosamond, reflectively, as if that religious point of view would have fully accounted for perpetual crape. "And not poor," she added, after a moment's pause.

"No, by George! They are as rich as Jews, those Waules and Featherstones; I mean, for people like them, who don't want to spend any thing. And yet they hang about my uncle like vultures, and are afraid of a farthing going away from their side of the family. But I believe he hates them all."

The Mrs. Waule who was so far from being admirable in the eyes of these distant connections had happened to say this very morning (not at all with a defiant air, but in a low, muffled, neutral tone, as of a voice heard through cotton-wool) that she did not wish "to enjoy their good opinion." She was seated, as she observed, on her own brother's hearth, and had been Jane Featherstone five-and-twenty years before she had been Jane Waule, which entitled her to speak when her own brother's name had been made free with by those who had no right to it.

"What are you driving at there?" said Mr. Featherstone, holding his stick between his knees and settling his wig, while he gave her a momentary sharp glance, which seemed to react on him like a draught of cold air, and set him coughing.

Mrs. Waule had to defer her answer till he was quiet again, till Mary Garth had supplied him with fresh sirup, and he had begun to rub the gold knob of his stick, looking bitterly at the fire. It was a bright fire, but it made no difference to the chill-looking purplish tint of Mrs. Waule's face, which was as neutral as her voice; having mere chinks for eyes, and lips that hardly moved in speaking.

"The doctors can't master that cough, brother. It's just like what I have; for I'm your own sister, constitution and every thing. But, as I was saying, it's a pity Mr. Vincy's family can't be better conducted."

"Tchah! you said nothing o' the sort. You said somebody had made free with my name."

"And no more than can be proved, if what every body says is true. My brother Solomon tells me it's the talk up and down in Middlemarch how unsteady young Vincy is, and has been forever gambling at billiards since home he came."

"Nonsense! What's a game at billiards? It's a good gentlemanly game; and young Vincy is not a clod-hopper. If your son John took to billiards, now, he'd make a fool of himself."

"Your nephew John never took to billiards or any other game, brother, and is far from losing hundreds of pounds, which, if what every body says is true, must be found somewhere else than out of Mr. Vincy the father's pocket. For they say he's been losing money for years, though nobody would think so, to see him go coursing and keeping open house as they do. And I've heard say Mr. Bulstrode condemns Mrs. Vincy beyond any thing for her flightiness, and spoiling her children so."

"What's Bulstrode to me? I don't bank with him."

"Well, Mrs. Bulstrode is Mr. Vincy's own sister, and they do say that Mr. Vincy mostly trades on the Bank money; and you may see yourself, brother, when a woman past forty has pink strings always flying, and that light way of laughing at every thing, it's very unbecoming. But indulging your children is one thing, and finding money to pay their debts is another. And it's openly said that young Vincy has raised money on his expectations. I don't say what expectations. Miss Garth hears me, and is welcome to tell again. I know young people hang together."

"No, thank you, Mrs. Waule," said Mary Garth. "I dislike hearing scandal too much to wish to repeat it."

Mr. Featherstone rubbed the knob of his stick, and made a brief convulsive show of laughter, which had much the same genuineness as an old whist-player's chuckle over a bad hand. Still looking at the fire, he said:

"And who pretends to say Fred Vincy hasn't got expectations? Such a fine, spirited fellow is like enough to have 'em."

There was a slight pause before Mrs. Waule replied, and when she did so her voice seemed to be slightly moistened with tears, though her face was still dry.

"Whether or no, brother, it is naturally painful to me and my brother Solomon to hear your name made free with, and your complaint being such as may carry you off sudden, and people who are no more Featherstones than the Merry-Andrew at the fair openly reckoning on your property coming to *them*. And me your own sister, and Solomon your own brother! And if that's to be it, what has it pleased the Almighty to make families for?" Here Mrs. Waule's tears fell, but with moderation.

"Come, out with it, Jane!" said Mr. Featherstone, looking at her. "You mean to say Fred Vincy has been getting somebody to advance him money on what he says he knows about my will, eh?"

"I never said so, brother" (Mrs. Waule's voice had again become dry and unshaken). "It was told me by my brother Solomon last night when he called, coming from market, to give me advice about the old wheat, me being a widow, and my son John only three-and-twenty, though steady beyond any thing. And he had it from most undeniable authority, and not one, but many."

"Stuff and nonsense! I don't believe a word of it. It's all a got-up story. Go to the window, missy; I thought I heard a horse. See if the doctor's coming."

"Not got up by me, brother, nor yet by Solomon, who, whatever else he may be—and I don't deny he has oddities—has made his will and parted his property equal between such kin as he's friends with; though, for my part, I think there are times when some should be considered more than others. But Solomon makes it no secret what he means to do."

"The more fool he!" said Mr. Featherstone, with some difficulty, breaking into a severe fit of coughing that required Mary Garth to stand near him, so that she did not find out whose horses they were which presently paused, stamping, on the gravel before the door.

Before Mr. Featherstone's cough was quiet, Rosamond entered, bearing up her riding-habit with much grace. She bowed ceremoniously to Mrs. Waule, who said, stiffly, "How do you do, miss?" smiled and nodded silently to Mary, and remained standing till the coughing should cease, and allow her uncle to notice her.

"Heyday, miss," he said at last, "you have a fine color. Where's Fred?"

"Seeing about the horses. He will be in presently."

"Sit down, sit down. Mrs. Waule, you'd better go."

Even those neighbors who had called Peter Featherstone an old fox had never accused him of being insincerely polite, and his sister was quite used to the peculiar absence of ceremony with which he marked his sense of blood-relationship. Indeed, she herself was accustomed to think that entire freedom from the necessity of behaving agreeably was included in the Almighty's intentions about families. She rose slowly without any sign of resentment, and said, in her usual muffled monotone: "Brother, I hope the new doctor will be able to do something for you. Solomon says there's great talk of his cleverness. I'm sure it's my wish you should be spared. And there's none more ready to nurse you than your own sister and your own nieces, if you'd only say the word. There's Rebecca and Joanna and Elizabeth, you know."

"Ay, ay, I remember—you'll see I've remembered 'em all—all dark and ugly. They'd need have some money, eh? There never was any beauty in the women of our family; but the Featherstones have always had some money, and the Waules too. Waule had money too. A warm man was Waule. Ay, ay; money's a good egg; and if you've got money to leave behind you, lay it in a warm nest. Good-by, Mrs. Waule."

Here Mr. Featherstone pulled at both sides of his wig as if he wanted to deafen himself, and his sister went away ruminating on this oracular speech of his. Notwithstanding her jealousy of the Vincys and of Mary Garth, there remained as the nethermost sediment in her mental shallows a persuasion that her brother Peter Featherstone could never leave his chief property away from his blood-relations—else why had the Almighty carried off his two wives both childless, after he had gained so much by manganese and things, turning up when nobody expected it?—and why was there a Lowick parish church, and the Waules and the Powderells all sitting in the same pew for generations, and the Featherstone pew next to them, if, the Sunday after her brother Peter's death, every body was to know that the property was gone out of the family? The human mind has at no period accepted a moral chaos; and so preposterous a result was not strictly conceivable. But we are frightened at much that is not strictly conceivable.

When Fred came in, the old man eyed him with a peculiar twinkle, which the younger had often had reason to interpret as pride in the satisfactory details of his appearance.

"You two misses go away," said Mr. Featherstone. "I want to speak to Fred."

"Come into my room, Rosamond; you will not mind the cold for a little while," said Mary. The two girls had not only known each other in childhood, but had been at the same provincial school together (Mary as an articled pupil), so that they had many memories in common, and liked very well to talk in private. Indeed, this *tête-à-tête* was one of Rosamond's objects in coming to Stone Court.

Old Featherstone would not begin the dialogue till the door had been closed. He continued to look at Fred with the same twinkle and with one of his habitual grimaces, alternately screwing and widening his mouth; and when he spoke, it was in a low tone, which might be taken for that of an informer ready to be bought off, rather than for the tone of an offended senior. He was not a man to feel any strong moral indignation even on account of trespasses against himself. It was natural that others should want to get an advantage over him, but then he was a little too cunning for them.

"So, Sir, you've been paying ten per cent. for money which you've promised to pay off by mortgaging my land when I'm dead and gone, eh? You put my life at a twelvemonth, say. But I can alter my will yet."

Fred blushed. He had not borrowed money in that way, for excellent reasons. But he was conscious of having spoken with some confidence (perhaps with more than he exactly remembered) about his prospect of getting Featherstone's land as a future means of paying present debts.

"I don't know what you refer to, Sir. I have certainly never borrowed any money on such an insecurity. Please to explain."

"No, Sir, it's you must explain. I can alter my will yet, let me tell you. I'm of sound mind—can reckon compound interest in my head, and remember every fool's name as well as I could twenty years ago. What the deuce? I'm under eighty. I say, you must contradict this story."

"I have contradicted it, Sir," Fred answered, with a touch of impatience, not remembering that his uncle did not verbally discriminate contradicting from disproving, though no one was farther from confounding the two ideas than old Featherstone, who often wondered that so many fools took his own assertions for proofs. "But I contradict it again. The story is a silly lie."

"Nonsense! you must bring dockiments. It comes from authority."

"Name the authority, and make him name the man of whom I borrowed the money, and then I can disprove the story."

"It's pretty good authority, I think—a man who knows most of what goes on in Middlemarch. It's that fine, religious, charitable uncle o' yours. Come now!" Here Mr. Featherstone had his peculiar inward shake which signified merriment.

"Mr. Bulstrode?"

"Who else, eh?"

"Then the story has grown into this lie out of some sermonizing words he may have let fall about me. Do they pretend that he named the man who lent me the money?"

"If there is such a man, depend upon it Bulstrode knows him. But, supposing you only tried to get the money lent, and didn't get it—Bulstrode 'ud know that too. You bring me a writing from Bulstrode to say he doesn't believe you've ever promised to pay your debts out o' my land. Come now!"

Mr. Featherstone's face required its whole scale of grimaces as a muscular outlet to his silent triumph in the soundness of his faculties.

Fred felt himself to be in a disgusting dilemma.

"You must be joking, Sir. Mr. Bulstrode, like other men, believes scores of things that are not true, and he has a prejudice against me. I could easily get him to write that he knew no facts in proof of the report you speak of, though it might lead to unpleasantness. But I could hardly ask him to write down what he believes or does not believe about me." Fred paused an instant, and then added, in politic appeal to his uncle's vanity, "That is hardly a thing for a gentleman to ask."

But he was disappointed in the result.

"Ay, I know what you mean. You'd sooner offend me than Bulstrode. And what's he?—he's got no land hereabout that ever I heard tell of. A speckilating fellow! He may come down any day, when the devil leaves off backing him. And that's what his religion means: he wants God A'mighty to come in. That's nonsense! There's one thing I made out pretty clear when I used to go to church—and it's this: God A'mighty sticks to the land. He promises land, and He gives land, and He makes chaps rich with corn and cattle. But you take the other side. You like Bulstrode and speckilation better than Featherstone and land."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Fred, rising, standing with his back to the fire, and beating his boot with his whip. "I like neither Bulstrode nor speculation." He spoke rather sulkily, feeling himself stale-mated.

"Well, well, you can do without *me*, that's pretty clear," said old Featherstone, secretly disliking the possibility that Fred would show himself at all independent. "You neither want a bit of land to make a squire of you instead of a starving parson, nor a lift of a hundred pound by the way. It's all one to me. I can make five codicils if I like, and I shall keep my bank-notes for a nest-egg. It's all one to me."

Fred colored again. Featherstone had rarely given him presents of money, and at this moment it seemed almost harder to part with the immediate prospect of bank-notes than with the more distant prospect of the land.

"I am not ungrateful, Sir. I never meant to show disregard for any kind intentions you might have toward me. On the contrary."

"Very good. Then prove it. You bring me a letter from Bulstrode saying he doesn't believe you've been cracking and promising to pay your debts out o' my land, and then, if there's any scrape you've got into, we'll see if I can't back you a bit. Come now! That's a bargain. Here, give me your arm. I'll try and walk round the room."

Fred, in spite of his irritation, had kindness enough in him to be a little sorry for the unloved, unvenerated old man, who with his dropsical legs looked more than usually pitiable in walking. While giving his arm, he thought that he should not himself like to be an old fellow with his constitution breaking up; and he waited good-temperedly, first before the window to hear the wonted remarks about the guinea-fowls and the weathercock, and then before the scanty book-shelves, of which the chief glories in dark calf were Josephus, Culpepper, Klopstock's "Messiah," and several volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

"Read me the names o' the books. Come now! you're a college man."

Fred gave him the titles.

"What did missy want with more books? What must you be bringing her more books for?"

"They amuse her, Sir. She is very fond of reading."

"A little too fond," said Mr. Featherstone, captiously. "She was for reading when she sat with me. But I put a stop to that. She's got the newspaper to read out loud. That's enough for one day, I should think. I can't abide to see her reading to herself. You see and not bring her any more books, do you hear?"

"Yes, Sir, I hear." Fred had received this order before, and had secretly disobeyed it. He intended to disobey it again.

"Ring the bell," said Mr. Featherstone; "I want missy to come down."

Rosamond and Mary had been talking faster than their male friends. They did not think of sitting down, but stood at the toilet-table near the window while Rosamond took off her hat, adjusted her veil, and applied little touches of her finger-tips to her hair—hair of infantine fairness, neither flaxen nor yellow. Mary Garth seemed all the plainer, standing at an angle between the two nymphs—the one in the glass and the one out of it, who looked at each other with eyes of heavenly blue, deep enough to hold the most exquisite meanings an ingenious beholder could put into them, and deep enough to hide the meanings of the owner if these should happen to be less exquisite. Only a few children in Middlemarch looked blonde by the side of Rosamond, and the slim figure displayed by her riding-habit had delicate undulations. In fact, most men in Middlemarch, except her brothers, held that Miss Vincy was the best girl in the world, and some called her an angel. Mary Garth, on the contrary, had the aspect of an ordinary sinner: she was brown; her curly dark hair was rough and stubborn; her stature was low; and it would not be true to declare, in satisfactory antithesis, that she had all the virtues. Plainness has its peculiar temptations and vices quite as much as beauty; it is apt either to feign amiability, or, not feigning it, to show all the repulsiveness of discontent: at any rate, to be called an ugly thing, in contrast with that lovely creature your companion, is apt to produce some effects beyond a sense of fine veracity and fitness in the phrase. At the age of two-and-twenty Mary had certainly not attained that perfect good sense and good principle which are usually recommended to the less fortunate girl, as if they were to be obtained in quantities ready mixed, with a flavor of resignation as required. Her shrewdness had a streak of satiric bitterness continually renewed and never carried utterly out of sight, except by a strong current of gratitude toward those who, instead of telling her that she ought to be contented, did something to make her so. Advancing womanhood had tempered her plainness, which was of a good human sort, such as the mothers of our race have very commonly worn in all latitudes under a more or less becoming head-gear. Rembrandt would have painted her with pleasure, and would have made her broad features look out of the canvas with intelligent honesty. For honesty, truth-telling fairness, was Mary's reigning virtue: she neither tried to create illusions nor indulged in them for her own behoof; and when she was in a good mood she had humor enough in her to laugh at herself. When she and Rosamond happened both to be reflected in the glass, she said, laughingly:

"What a brown patch I am by the side of you, Rosy! You are the most unbecoming companion."

"Oh no! No one thinks of your appearance, you are so sensible and useful, Mary. Beauty is of very little consequence in reality," said Rosamond, turning her head toward Mary, but with eyes swerving toward the new view of her neck in the glass.

"You mean *my* beauty," said Mary, rather sardonically.

Rosamond thought, "Poor Mary, she takes the kindest things ill." Aloud she said, "What have you been doing lately?"

"I? Oh, minding the house—pouring out sirup—pretending to be amiable and contented—learning to have a bad opinion of every body."

"It is a wretched life for you."

"No," said Mary, curtly, with a little toss of her head. "I think my life is pleasanter than your Miss Morgan's."

"Yes; but Miss Morgan is so uninteresting, and not young."

"She is interesting to herself, I suppose; and I am not at all sure that every thing gets easier as one gets older."

"No," said Rosamond, reflectively; "one wonders what such people do without any prospect. To be sure, there is religion as a support. But," she added, dimpling, "it is very different with you, Mary. You may have an offer."

"Has any one told you he means to make me one?"

"Of course not. I mean, there is a gentleman who may fall in love with you, seeing you almost every day."

A certain change in Mary's face was chiefly determined by the resolve not to show any change.

"Does that always make people fall in love?" she answered, carelessly; "it seems to me quite as often a reason for detesting each other."

"Not when they are interesting and agreeable. I hear that Mr. Lydgate is both."

"Oh, Mr. Lydgate!" said Mary, with an unmistakable lapse into indifference. "You want to know something about him," she added, not choosing to indulge Rosamond's indirectness.

"Merely how you like him."

"There is no question of liking at present. My liking always wants some little kindness to kindle it. I am not magnanimous enough to like people who speak to me without seeming to see me."

"Is he so haughty?" said Rosamond, with heightened satisfaction. "You know that he is of good family?"

"No; he did not give that as a reason."

"Mary! you are the oddest girl. But what sort of looking man is he? Describe him to me."

"How can one describe a man? I can give you an inventory: heavy eyebrows, dark eyes, a straight nose, thick dark hair, large solid white hands—and—let me see—oh, an exquisite cambric pocket-handkerchief. But you will see him. You know this is about the time of his visits."

Rosamond blushed a little, but said, meditatively, "I rather like a haughty manner. I can not endure a rattling young man."

"I did not tell you that Mr. Lydgate was haughty; but *il y en a pour tous les goûts*, as little

Ma'm'selle used to say, and if any girl can choose the particular sort of conceit she would like, I should think it is you, Rosy."

"Haughtiness is not conceit: I call Fred conceited."

"I wish no one said any worse of him. He should be more careful. Mrs. Waule has been telling uncle that Fred is very unsteady." Mary spoke from a girlish impulse which got the better of her judgment. There was a vague uneasiness associated with the word "unsteady," which she hoped Rosamond might say something to dissipate. But she purposely abstained from mentioning Mrs. Waule's more special insinuation.

"Oh, Fred is horrid!" said Rosamond. She would not have allowed herself so unsuitable a word to any one but Mary.

"What do you mean by horrid?"

"He is so idle, and makes papa so angry, and says he will not take orders."

"I think Fred is quite right."

"How can you say he is quite right, Mary? I thought you had more sense of religion."

"He is not fit to be a clergyman."

"But he ought to be fit."

"Well, then, he is not what he ought to be. I know some other people who are in the same case."

"But no one approves of them. I should not like to marry a clergyman; but there must be clergymen."

"It does not follow that Fred must be one."

"But when papa has been at the expense of educating him for it! And only suppose, if he should have no fortune left him!"

"I can suppose that very well," said Mary, dryly.

"Then I wonder you can defend Fred," said Rosamond, inclined to push this point.

"I don't defend him," said Mary, laughing; "I would defend any parish from having him for a clergyman."

"But of course if he were a clergyman he must be different."

"Yes, he would be a great hypocrite; and he is not that yet."

"It is of no use saying any thing to you, Mary. You always take Fred's part."

"Why should I not take his part?" said Mary, lighting up. "He would take mine. He is the only person who takes the least trouble to oblige me."

"You make me feel very uncomfortable, Mary," said Rosamond, with her gravest mildness; "I would not tell mamma for the world."

"What would you not tell her?" said Mary, angrily.

"Pray do not go into a rage, Mary," said Rosamond, mildly as ever.

"If your mamma is afraid that Fred will make me an offer, tell her that I would not marry him if he asked me. But he is not going to do so, that I am aware. He certainly never has asked me."

"Mary, you are always so violent."

"And you are always so exasperating."

"I? What can you blame me for?"

"Oh, blameless people are always the most exasperating. There is the bell—I think we must go down."

"I did not mean to quarrel," said Rosamond, putting on her hat.

"Quarrel? Nonsense; we have not quarreled. If one is not to get into a rage sometimes, what is the good of being friends?"

"Am I to repeat what you have said?"

"Just as you please. I never say what I am afraid of having repeated. But let us go down."

Mr. Lydgate was rather late this morning, but the visitors staid long enough to see him; for Mr. Featherstone asked Rosamond to sing to him, and she herself was so kind as to propose a second favorite song of his—"Flow on, thou shining river"—after she had sung "Home, sweet home" (which she detested). This hard-headed old Overreach approved of the sentimental song, as the suitable garnish for girls, and also as fundamentally fine, sentiment being the right thing for a song.

Mr. Featherstone was still applauding the last performance, and assuring missy that her voice was as clear as a blackbird's, when Mr. Lydgate's horse passed the window.

His dull expectation of the usual disagreeable routine with an aged patient—who can hardly believe that medicine would not "set him up" if the doctor were only clever enough—added to his general disbelief in Middlemarch charms, made a doubly effective background to this vision of Rosamond, whom old Featherstone made haste ostentatiously to introduce as his niece, though he had never thought it worth while to speak of Mary Garth in that light. Nothing escaped Lydgate in Rosamond's graceful behavior: how delicately she waived the notice which the old man's want of taste had thrust upon her by a quiet gravity, not showing her dimples on the wrong occasion, but showing them afterward in speaking to Mary, to whom she addressed herself with so much good-natured interest that Lydgate, after quickly examining Mary more fully than he had done before, saw an adorable kindness in Rosamond's eyes. But Mary from some cause looked rather out of temper.

"Miss Rosy has been singing me a song—you've nothing to say against that, eh, doctor?" said Mr. Featherstone. "I like it better than your physic."

"That has made me forget how the time was going," said Rosamond, rising to reach her hat, which she had laid aside before singing, so that her flower-like head on its white stem was seen in perfection above her riding-habit. "Fred, we must really go."

"Very good," said Fred, who had his own reasons for not being in the best spirits, and wanted to get away.

"Miss Vincy is a musician?" said Lydgate, following her with his eyes. (Every nerve and muscle in Rosamond was adjusted to the consciousness that she was being looked at. She was by nature an actress of parts that entered into her *physique*: she even acted her own character, and so well, that she did not know it to be precisely her own.)

"The best in Middlemarch, I'll be bound," said Mr. Featherstone, "let the next be who she will. Eh, Fred? Speak up for your sister."

"I'm afraid I'm out of court, Sir. My evidence would be good for nothing."

"Middlemarch has not a very high standard, uncle," said Rosamond, with a pretty lightness, going toward her whip, which lay at a distance.

Lydgate was quick in anticipating her. He reached the whip before she did, and turned to present it to her. She bowed and looked at him: he, of course, was looking at her, and their eyes met with that peculiar meeting which is never arrived at by effort, but seems like a sudden divine clearance of haze. I think Lydgate turned a little paler than usual, but Rosamond blushed deeply and felt a certain astonishment. After that, she was really anxious to go, and did not know what sort of stupidity her uncle was talking of when she went to shake hands with him.

Yet this result, which she took to be a mutual impression, called falling in love, was just what Rosamond had contemplated beforehand. Ever since that important new arrival in Middlemarch she had woven a little future, of which something like this scene was the necessary beginning. Strangers, whether wrecked and clinging to a raft, or duly escorted and accompanied by portmanteaus, have always had a circumstantial fascination for the virgin mind, against which native merit has urged itself in vain. And a stranger was absolutely necessary to Rosamond's social romance, which had always turned on a lover and bridegroom who was not a Middlemarcher, and who had no connections at all like her own: of late, indeed, the construction seemed to demand that he should somehow be related to a baronet. Now that she and the stranger had met, reality proved much more moving than anticipation, and Rosamond could not doubt that this was the great epoch of her life. She judged of her own symptoms as those of awakening love, and she held it still more natural that Mr. Lydgate should have fallen in love at first sight of her. These things happened so often at balls, and why not by the morning light, when the complexion showed all the better for it? Rosamond, though no older than Mary, was rather used to being fallen in love with; but she, for her part, had remained indifferent and fastidiously critical toward both fresh sprig and faded bachelor. And here was Mr. Lydgate suddenly corresponding to her ideal, being altogether foreign to Middlemarch, carrying a certain air of distinction congruous with good family, and possessing connections which offered vistas of that middle-class heaven, rank: a man of talent also, whom it would be especially delightful to enslave: in fact, a man who had touched her nature quite newly, and brought a vivid interest into her life which was better than any fancied "might-be" such as she was in the habit of opposing to the actual.

Thus, in riding home, both the brother and the sister were preoccupied and inclined to be silent. Rosamond, whose basis for her structure had the usual airy slightness, was of remarkably detailed and realistic imagination when the foundation had been once presupposed; and before they had ridden a mile she was far on in the costume and introductions of her wedded life, having determined on her house in Middlemarch, and foreseen the visits she would pay to her husband's high-bred relatives at a distance, whose finished manners she could appropriate as thoroughly as she had done her school accomplishments, preparing herself thus for vaguer elevations which might ultimately come. There was nothing financial, still less sordid, in her previsions: she cared about what were considered refinements, and not about the money that was to pay for them.

Fred's mind, on the other hand, was busy with an anxiety which even his ready hopefulness could not immediately quell. He saw no way of eluding Featherstone's stupid demand without incurring consequences which he liked less even than the task of fulfilling it. His father was already out of humor with him, and would be still more so if he were the occasion of any additional coolness between his own family and the Bulstrodes. Then he himself hated having to go and speak to his uncle Bulstrode, and perhaps after drinking wine he had said many foolish things about Featherstone's property, and these had been magnified by report. Fred felt that he made a wretched figure as a fellow who bragged about expectations from a queer old miser like Featherstone, and went to beg for certificates at his bidding. But—those expectations! He really had them, and he saw no agreeable alternative if he gave them up; besides, he had lately made a debt which galled him extremely, and old Featherstone had almost bargained to pay it off. The whole affair was miserably small: his debts were small, even his expectations were not any thing so very magnificent. Fred had known men to whom he would have been ashamed of confessing the smallness of his scrapes. Such ruminations naturally produced a streak of misanthropic bitterness. To be born the son of a Middlemarch manufacturer, and inevitable heir to nothing in particular, while such men as Mainwaring and Vyan— Certainly life was a poor business, when a spirited young fellow, with a good appetite for the best of every thing, had so poor an outlook.

It had not occurred to Fred that the introduction of Bulstrode's name in the matter was a fiction of old Featherstone's; nor could this have made any difference to his position. He saw plainly enough that the old man wanted to exercise his power by tormenting him a little, and also probably to get some satisfaction out of seeing him on unpleasant terms with Bulstrode. Fred fancied that he saw to the bottom of his uncle Featherstone's soul, though in reality half what he saw there was no more than the reflex of his own inclinations. The difficult task of knowing another soul is not for young gentlemen whose consciousness is chiefly made up of their own wishes.

Fred's main point of debate with himself was whether he should tell his father, or try to get through the affair without his father's knowledge. It was probably Mrs. Waule who had been talking about him; and if Mary Garth had repeated Mrs. Waule's report to Rosamond, it would be sure to reach his father, who would as surely question him about it. He said to Rosamond, as they slackened their pace,

"Rosy, did Mary tell you that Mrs. Waule had said any thing about me?"

"Yes, indeed, she did."

"What?"

"That you were very unsteady."

"Was that all?"

"I should think that was enough, Fred?"

"You are sure she said no more?"

"Mary mentioned nothing else. But really, Fred, I think you ought to be ashamed."

"Oh, fudge! don't lecture me. What did Mary say about it?"

"I am not obliged to tell you. You care so very much what Mary says, and you are too rude to allow me to speak."

"Of course I care what Mary says. She is the best girl I know."

"I should never have thought she was a girl to fall in love with."

"How do you know what men would fall in love with? Girls never know."

"At least, Fred, let me advise *you* not to fall in love with her, for she says she would not marry you if you asked her."

"She might have waited till I did ask her."

"I knew it would nettle you, Fred."

"Not at all. She would not have said so if you had not provoked her."

Before reaching home, Fred concluded that he would tell the whole affair as simply as possible to his father, who might perhaps take on himself the unpleasant business of speaking to Bulstrode.

QUEER MATCHES.

In 1725 a woman petitioned King George I., praying she might win pardon for a malefactor by wedding him under Tyburn Tree. The belief that a condemned felon could be thus rescued from the hands of the executioner is placed by Barrington in the category of legal vulgar errors. It is one, of course; but such a singular idea could hardly, one would think, have taken possession of the popular mind unless there had been some foundation for it. Supposing such a custom ever prevailed any where, it is difficult to decide if it were complimentary or uncomplimentary to the saving sex. Women might, indeed, claim it as an acknowledgment that Love is lord of all, when the professed love of a woman was held powerful enough to override the decree of justice; while, on the other hand, it might be argued that the criminal had only a choice of equal punishments. If Manningham, himself a lawyer, gives a true version of the condition, the latter view is the correct one, for marriage in such a case might well prove worse than hanging. He says: "It is the custom, not the law, in France and Italy, that if any notorious professed strumpet will beg for a husband a man who is going to execution, he shall be reprieved, and she may obtain a pardon and marry him, that both their ill lives may be bettered by so holy an action. Hence grew a jest: when a scoffing gentlewoman told a gentleman she heard that he was in some danger of being hanged for some villainy, he answered, 'Truly, madam, I was afraid of nothing so much as you would have begged me!' In England it hath been used that if a woman will beg a condemned person for her husband, she must come in her smock only, and a white wand in her hand, as Sterill said he had seen."

Among the ballads preserved in the Roxburghe collection is one dating from the early part of the seventeenth century, setting forth how a merchant of Chichester killed a German at Emden Town, and how, after he had made his last dying speech on the scaffold, no less than ten goodly maidens begged for his hand and life:

> "'This is our law,' quoth they:
> 'We may your death remove,
> If you, in lieu of our good-will,
> Will grant to us your love.'"

None of the compassionate virgins, however, were goodly enough for his taste, and he quietly asked the executioner to do his office; then another damsel intervened, and by force of her charms or her eloquence, persuaded the merchant to accept her kind offer; so

> "Hand in hand they went
> Unto the church that day,
> And they were married presently
> In sumptuous rich array."

Less impressionable was the fellow whose obdurate ungallantry is commemorated in the lines:

> "'Come, marry a wife, and save your life!'
> The judge aloud did cry.
> 'Oh, why should I corrupt my life?'
> The victim did reply;
> 'For here's a crowd of every sort,
> And why should I prevent their sport?
> The bargain's bad in every part:
> The wife is worst. Drive on the cart!'"

If the belief in gallows matches was a strange one, it was no stranger than the notion that if a bride lacked modesty as well as money, she could throw off her debts with her dress, and by going to church in but one garment make her creditors shift for their due; as though Law were a lion, losing all fierceness before an unclad Una. A beauty thus unadorned once skipped across Ludgate Hill to change her name by the aid of a Fleet parson. On the 17th October, 1714, John Bridmore and Anne Sellwood, of Chiltern All-Saints, Wiltshire, were made one, and against the record in the parish register was written: "The aforesaid Anne Sellwood was married in her shift, without any clothes or head-gear on." Some ten years later a similar performance took place at Ulcombe, Kent. Kalm, in his "Travels in North America" (1747), relates that a poor widow, whose husband had left her nothing but debts, upon marrying a second time went to church in her chemise, thereby relieving herself and her new partner from all liabilities; and in recording the fact Kalm remarks that such things often took place. In 1766 a Whitehaven bride sought to attain the same end by going to church as became a decent woman, undressing herself to her undermost garment for the ceremony, and putting on her clothes again as soon as the knot was tied; and somewhere between the years 1838 and 1844 a Lincolnshire curate officiated at a wedding where the heroine of the occasion stood before him enveloped in a sheet. Such attempts to evade the law of debtor and creditor evinced a laudable desire on the part of the bold brides to spare the pockets of the men of their choice, which is more than can be said of the means adopted not long ago by a Staffordshire woman to evade paying certain moneys she had received on behalf of the turnpike trustees. She had been sued in the county court, and ordered to pay the money, and appearing in answer to a summons for contempt, coolly produced a marriage certificate, and pleaded that her husband was now liable for the debt. She had married a traveling tinker the day after judgment was given against her, and where he was to be found she neither knew nor cared.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Swift, on one occasion, having attacked pretty severely an old Irishman, by name Ramagory, was called on for explanation; this not being satisfactorily given, he was seized by the old fellow and thrown into a ditch. He knew the laughter was on him, and something was to be done. So he appeared the next day in these lines,

> "Jonathan Swift, Ireland's glory,
> Was thrown in a ditch by old Ramagory!"

Somebody wishes to know if a pig-pen is used to write hog-Latin.

What ailment may we look for on an oak?—A corn.

If wit is bad-in-age, what must it be in youth?

Honey-bees are winged merchants—they cell their honey.

Is the way to get the exact weight of a fish to weigh him in his own scales?

A religious journal is authority for the statement that the following is sung in some Western Sunday-schools, to the tune of "Shoo Fly:"

> "Sa-tan, don't bodder me,
> Sa-tan, don't bodder me,
> Sa-tan, don't bodder me,
> For I belong to Company G.
> I hear, I hear, I hear,
> I hear de organ's tones;
> I feel, I feel, I feel
> Religion in my bones.
> Sa-tan, don't bodder me," etc.

Why is an old coat like an iron kettle?—Because it represents hard wear.

Why are criminals like the ancient idolaters?—Because they bow to the shrine of Bail.

An Attached Couple—Oyster-shells.

A robber who was seized for stealing snuff out of a tobacconist's shop, by way of excusing himself said that he was not aware of any law that forbade a man to take snuff.

Rapid Consumption—Bolting one's food.

A little girl in New York recently celebrated her fourth birthday by attending Sabbath-school. When the recitations of the class were finished, the teacher asked her if she could repeat some little verse she had learned. She promptly replied she could, and astonished the class by the following:

> "Mary had a little lamb,
> She laid it on the shelf;
> Every time it wagged its tail,
> You know how 'tis yourself."

A California hunter, who went ten miles to where game was plenty, and then found that he had brought a box of pills instead of percussion-caps, returned home in disgust.

An Epicure's Motto—Lettuce eat.

Permanent Head-Quarters—The shoulders.

John Clark, the barrister, who was lame, overheard a lady remark to a friend, "That's John Clark, the lame lawyer." Mr. Clark, who was passing along the street, turned around, and addressing the lady, said, "No, madam; I'm a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

To Young Campaigners.—If your tent is not waterproof, you should pitch it.

When your "brain is on fire" you may as well blow it out.

"Letter go!" as the boy said when he lamp-posted his letter at the street corner.

A Western candidate for the Legislature upon retiring from the contest was asked why he did so, and replied, "Why, they charged me with hog-stealing." "Didn't you deny it?" was the query. "Yes, indeed I did," replied the discomfited candidate; "but, confound them! they proved it on me."

This is know joke:

Quoth John, "A knowing man am I; from debt I'm always free."
Quoth Jim, "An owing man am I; in debt I'll always be."

A speaker at a stump meeting declared that he knew no East, no West, no North, no South. "Then," said a by-stander, "you ought to go to school and learn your geography."

AMONG THE MORMONS.

POLYGAMY existed in Utah for nineteen years without any decided efforts having been made to put it down. Two years before BRIGHAM YOUNG first promulgated the "plurality" doctrine, based upon a supposed revelation from the prophet JOE SMITH, Utah had been declared a Territory of the States, but for a long while the government, with the exception of a great outcry by the Republican party in 1856, allowed BRIGHAM YOUNG and his apostles to do as they liked. Two years later there was a rumor that the Mormons were about to rise in revolt, and an expedition under the command of Colonel JOHNSTON, afterward a general in the Confederate service, invaded Utah. He met, however, with such formidable resistance that he thought it best to temporize, and the only advantage gained was the substitution of a civil for an ecclesiastical governor, the post having been formerly held by BRIGHAM YOUNG himself. Since then the government has been gradually gaining power and authority in Mormondom, but made no decisive attempt to put down polygamy until a short time ago, when Judge M'KEAN, an energetic reformer, declared his intention of indicting all polygamists, and arrested BRIGHAM YOUNG, and several of the leading Mormons. One of them—HAWKINS—has been tried, and sentenced to $500 fine and three years' imprisonment, the *minimum* punishment allowable by law.

To take a short retrospect of Mormon history. After trying to settle in Missouri, JOE SMITH emigrated with his followers to Illinois, where they were at first hospitably received. Here SMITH became powerful, was created a lieutenant-general of Mormon militia, and actually announced himself as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Jealousies between Mormons and Gentiles, however, arose. SMITH was frequently arrested, and one day a body of men broke into his prison at Carthage and murdered him. BRIGHAM YOUNG succeeded him as chief of the sect, and it was under his auspices that the emigration into Utah, then a Mexican wilderness, peopled only by Indians, was undertaken and accomplished. Arrived at Great Salt Lake, the Saints speedily set to work, and in a very short space of time the desert was transformed into a highly cultivated and productive country. The Indians were conciliated with kind usage and presents, and left the invaders unmolested, and where their wigwams alone had flourished a splendid and populous city speedily sprung up. BRIGHAM YOUNG took especial care with the building of the town, and ordained that the streets should be made wide. He also paid great attention to sanitary precautions, whence Salt Lake City is universally acknowledged to be one of the most healthy residences on record. Viewed from the heights above, the town appears a little paradise, so refreshing does this oasis of civilization seem in contrast to the surrounding desert. It does not, however, appear to such an advantage when entered by the railway—that great reformer, to whose advance the Mormons owe their present misfortunes. Had it, indeed, not been for the "iron horse," and the important mineral discoveries lately made in the neighborhood—discoveries which have brought flocks of envious Gentiles to the Territory—BRIGHAM YOUNG might still have been all-powerful there instead of being a fugitive from justice, doubly accused of immorality and murder. Not direct murder, be it understood, but murder through his orders. It appears that the Mormons had a disagreeable habit of getting rid of an obnoxious opponent by having him murdered, and that a special band of executioners, called "Destroying Angels" or "Danites," was maintained for that purpose, under the command of a man named HICKMAN. Several mysterious murders of Gentiles have been set down to this agency, and HICKMAN, who has been caught by the United States government, is said to have made revelations inculpating BRIGHAM YOUNG, DANIEL H. WELLS, and several other prominent Mormons, for whom, accordingly, warrants of arrest have been issued.

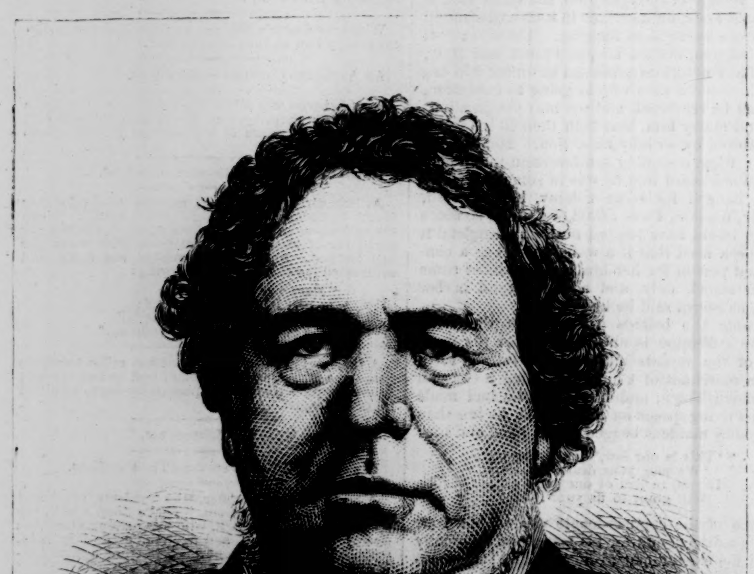
BRIGHAM YOUNG.

To return to Salt Lake City. Besides making the streets wide, YOUNG planted trees at the side, and surrounded the houses with gardens, an acre and a quarter being allowed for each house and grounds. The great thoroughfare is "Main Street," where not only the principal hotels, banks, and stores are situated, but also the residences of BRIGHAM YOUNG and DANIEL H. WELLS. These are represented in our illustration, as well as the views north and west looking from the street. In spite of the trim appearance of the neat houses and carefully cultivated gardens, there is one great drawback—the street is entirely unpaved, and, there being no gas-works, wholly unlighted at night. One great characteristic of American cities is also absent: not a single drinking-shop is to be seen, as wines and spirits are prohibited, and in the entire city there are only two spirit bars, which are wholly frequented by thirsty Gentiles.

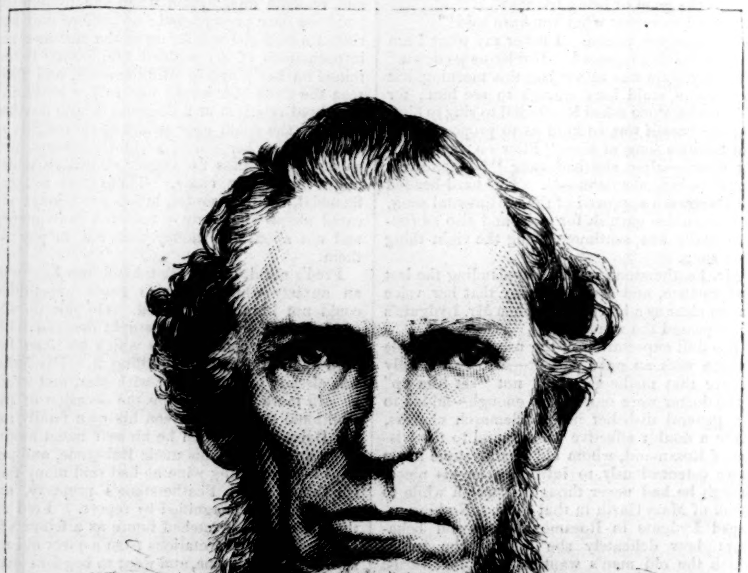
BRIGHAM YOUNG's house, beyond being somewhat larger, is little different from the other buildings. It is painted white, with green Venetians, while a smaller and almost detached building by the side, erected in Gothic style, serves for the residence of his sixteen wives. The Tabernacle forms the subject of another illustration. This (of the interior of which we gave an engraving some weeks ago) is only a temporary place of worship until the great Temple shall be finished. A huge, ugly, oval-shaped building, the Tabernacle is capable of containing an enormous concourse of people; and at a recent conference no less than 10,000 persons assembled there.

Rich in all agricultural produce, and in all the necessaries of life, the Mormons possess but very little money. Payment there is generally made in kind—*i. e.*, suppose A be a grocer indebted to B for chimney-sweeping, he pays him in an order for the amount in goods on his store. Should B not want the groceries, he pays the order away to C for so many loaves of bread. Thus, as there is very little trade with the Gentile world, there is no opportunity for the Mormons to accumulate money, and this is doubtless the secret of their great industry. Even here, however, the railway has wrought a change, and one of the features of modern Mormondom is the appearance of pretty women at the car window, while stopping at a station, offering pairs of handsomely braided gloves for sale.

The Saints are taking their misfortunes with singular quietude. At first the young men talked of resistance, but even the trial and condemnation of HAWKINS roused them no further, and it is now little likely that any armed opposition will be made to the proceedings of the United States authorities. BRIGHAM YOUNG has sur-

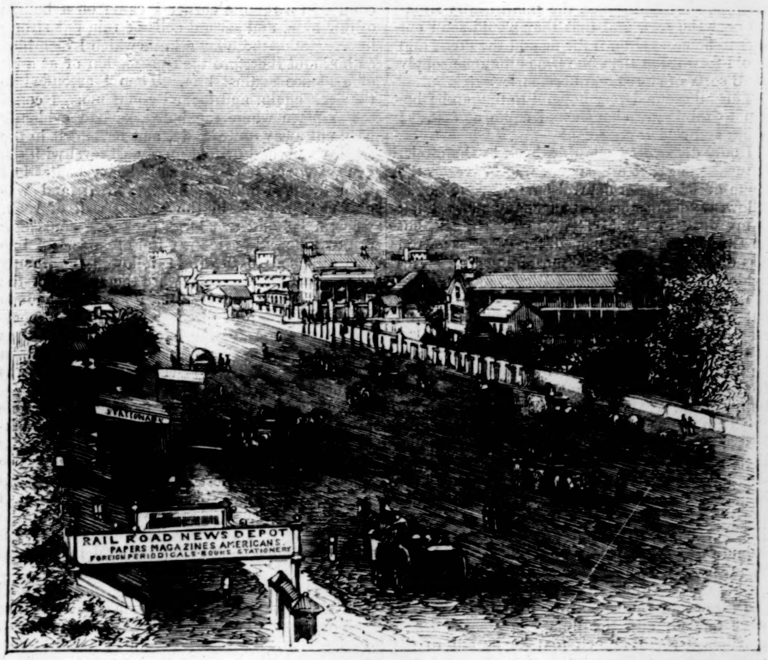


DANIEL H. WELLS.

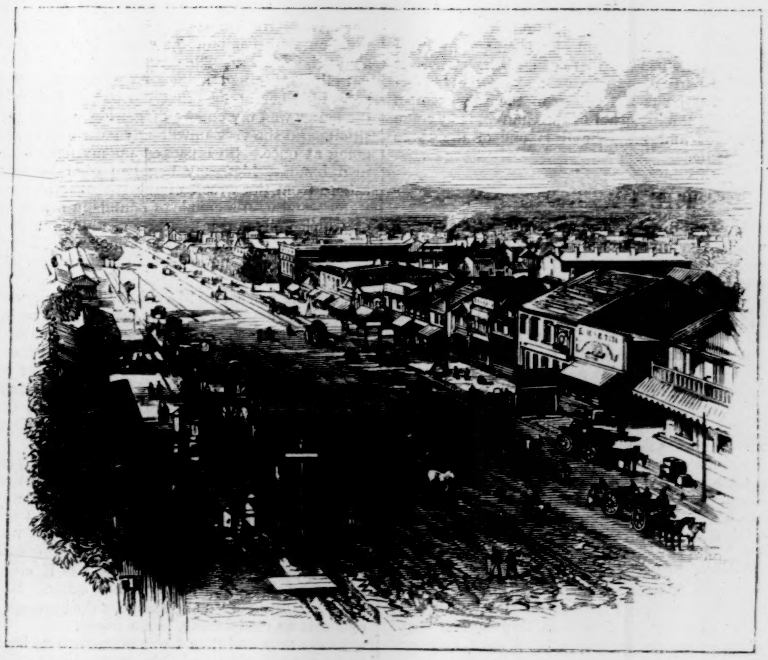


GEORGE A. SMITH.

AMONG THE MORMONS.



MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH.

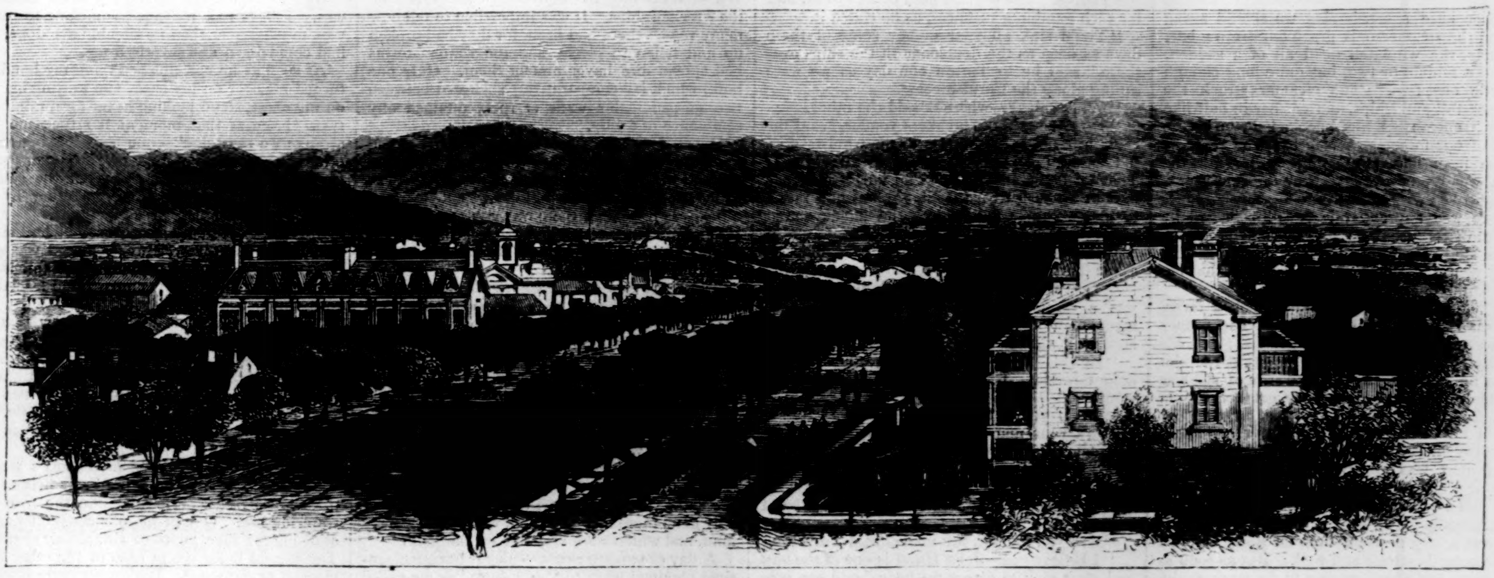


MAIN STREET, WEST SIDE.

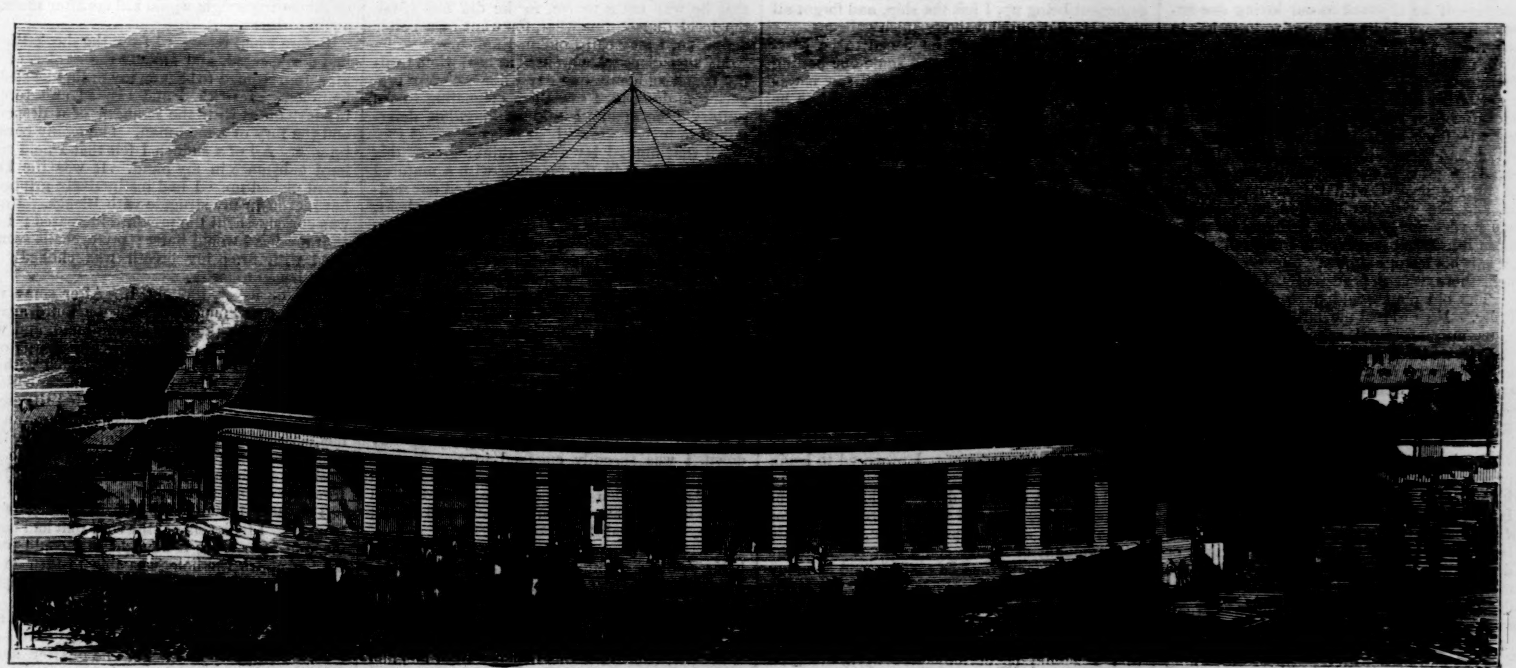
rendered himself into the custody of the United States Marshal, to answer to the charge of murder, and is now held a prisoner in his own house. It is stated that he is apparently not at all discontented. He receives visitors daily, talks cheerfully, and says he has no anxiety whatever as to the result of the trial. It is probable that his trial will be postponed until March, unless some immediate provision is made at Washington for the expense of securing witnesses, etc. United States Attorney Bates has telegraphed to the Attorney-General that it is useless to attempt the trial of important cases now pending unless such an appropriation can be made.

Although Brigham Young is now in his seventy-first year, he is both mentally and bodily as strong and hearty as in his youth. He was born in Ohio, and at first belonged to the Methodist persuasion. Converted to the creed of the Latter Day Saints, he speedily rose to power, and at forty-four years of age was instituted President of the Twelve Apostles. At the death of Joseph Smith he became the leader of the community, a post for which his extraordinary determination and spirit of perseverance well fitted him. How he accomplished the exodus of his followers and found for them a New Jerusalem has been already related; but in spite of all he had done, his tyrannical disposition caused great dissatisfaction among a large portion of his subjects, and a liberal party had been formed which demanded the separation between church and state, or, in other words, that the ecclesiastical rulers, such as Young, his brother presidents, and the Twelve Apostles, should allow the lay portion of the community to play at least some part in the direction of affairs. What Young's answer would have been is certain, if only from the description given of him by Mr. Rae—"He has the look of a determined man, and the character of an obstinate one, and, according to the saying of an admirer, nothing could turn him, once he had made up his mind."

Our other portraits represent Daniel H. Wells and George A. Smith, the other two presidents of the Church. The former is mayor of Utah and lieutenant-general of the Mormon militia,



THE RESIDENCES OF BRIGHAM YOUNG AND DANIEL H. WELLS, MAIN STREET.



THE TABERNACLE.

AMONG THE MORMONS—VIEWS IN SALT LAKE CITY.

concerning which there was considerable agitation in July last. Accused, like YOUNG, of murder, he was arrested, but on account of his civic dignity has since been let out on bail. There is little in particular to be said about SMITH, beyond that he is the cousin of the prophet JOE SMITH, is the historian of the Church, is by trade a farmer and miller, and is one of the three presidents.

THE DIVER'S STORY.

I WAS a diver as a young man. I may say I was born a diver, for my father was one before me. You may have heard of him—Bill Hurst was his name; he was pretty well known in his time, and almost the first that ever went down in the dress without a bell. Even when I started at it there were not many in the business. Father began to train me for it early, and consequently, from habit and experience, I got to be considered a first-rate hand, and got my share of employment.

But you see diving isn't like other things—it's not as good as fishing, even. Of course you can't always be sure of a catch, but fish are always salable when you *can* catch them. There's a constant demand for the article. But with diving it's different. You can't always expect ships to be sinking with valuables aboard, or that people should be constantly building piers, or bridges, or things of that kind. Consequently I wasn't making a fortune at the best of times, while at the worst of 'em I had sometimes to turn my hand to other jobs, such as shipping on board coasters or packet-boats for a spell now and then.

It was at one of these hard times that I had shipped aboard a small schooner that was bound for Liverpool. We were just passing that point there, with the tide against us, when we saw a great big steamer coming round the Bolt, as the point is called. They were keeping a mighty poor look-out on board that boat, for though, when we saw she was coming straight down upon us, we halloed, and rung bells, they didn't take a bit of notice. Our skipper rammed the tiller hard aport, hoping we should swing off, and the steamer only graze our stern; but, unluckily, the wind fell dead all of a sudden, just for a minute or two, but quite long enough to settle our fate. The steamer struck the schooner full amidships, and cut her in half like so much cheese. I was knocked down by the wreck of our foremast, which broke my leg. I became insensible, but, going down with the vessel, was brought to myself by the cold water, and contrived with difficulty to swim ashore.

There was a pretty fair crowd collected by the time I reached land, and by somebody's orders a shutter was fetched, and I was carried to the nearest farm-house, the very one that belongs to me now.

My leg was set all right, but I took a fever, and was very bad for some time. The farmer was for sending me off to a hospital; but his daughter—that's my wife that is—begged of him not to do it. He was a widower, and she was his only child, so she generally got her way in most things. I wasn't sent away. By-and-by I got a bit better, and was able to creep about the house with a stick, or sit outside in the sun. The farmer was mostly out looking after his crops and his cattle, except at meal-times; so Polly and I saw a good deal of one another, and very naturally fell in love.

It was a very pleasant time for a bit, before I got thoroughly strong and well. But as soon as I began to feel I was getting fit for work again, I began to long to be at it. I felt that I was in fact no better than a beggar, and I knew the farmer would be furious to think of my daring to make love to his child, who was reckoned the heiress as well as the beauty of the place.

Polly was unreasonable, like women mostly are in such matters, and wouldn't hear of my going away. She laughed at the idea of my wishing to work again, and said she was sure her father—if he objected to our loving one another at first—would be safe to give in to her in the end.

Well, unluckily, she soon had an opportunity of finding out that she wasn't quite so powerful over her father as she thought.

One afternoon the farmer came home unexpectedly to fetch some medicine for one of the cows that had been suddenly taken ill. Polly and I, never dreaming of such a chance, were on the settle by the fire—I with my arm round her waist, and she with her head on my shoulder. It was a very pretty picture, perhaps, for some of those illustrated papers, but I can tell you it didn't suit his taste, anyhow.

Well, there was a pretty row, I can assure you. The old man would have struck me but for Polly. He ordered me out of the house at once, as an ungrateful rogue and vagabond. Then Polly tried her powers of persuasion, for he wouldn't listen to a word from me. At first he wouldn't give much heed to her; but by degrees she got him calmer. At long and at last she got him to sit down and hear what I had to say.

It wasn't very much beyond that I loved Polly. I could only say I hoped I should get work, and save money, and that sort of thing. He laughed at the idea: "What could we live on if we married?" Polly jumped up and said she could and would work at needle-work, or she'd go into service—any thing! and then she burst out crying, and went into hysterics. That touched the old man a bit, and somehow or another, after a long time, he consented to give me a twelvemonth's grace. If I could come back at the end of it with a prospect of earning a fair living, I might have Polly. But she declared that I shouldn't be fit to work for some months yet, and that the twelvemonth should begin from when I was well and strong. So her father said, "It's autumn now: I'll give him a twelvemonth from Christmas!" And with that he stalked out of the room to give orders about the cow's medicine.

Polly and I had a long consultation, and I persuaded her at last that the sooner I started the better was my chance of getting a good position. So she very unwillingly gave way to my going at once. So I packed up my few things in a handkerchief—my bag had been brought ashore from the wreck of the schooner at low-water—and with a couple of pounds in my pocket, which Polly had insisted on my taking of her, if only as a loan, I set out to London.

"I shall come, never fear!" said I, as I turned from the door.

"So will Christmas!" said the farmer, crustily, as he came in at the gate just as I got to it.

"So will the Christmas after!" said I; and I strode out with the best appearance of hope and cheerfulness I could muster, until I was out of sight. Then all my pluck left me, and I tramped along drearily enough, till at length I saw the long lines of gas lamps, and knew I was in London streets once more.

They're uncommonly hard and pitiless things, the London streets, as I found them. All that autumn I tried my best to get something by way of employment. But it was all no use. I applied over and over again, but was always met with the same remark, "We want a man with some knowledge of the business," as if every body mustn't begin at some time or other. Men can't be born with "a knowledge of the business," or put it on ready-made, like a livery.

Every now and then I was obliged to go back to the old sailoring, and ship on board some vessel for a trip, just to get something to live on. How my heart used to ache as the ship, dropping down the river, passed along by this ferry!

In the spring I shipped on board a trader bound for Wales for copper ore. We had one passenger on board, a friend of the captain's. They were share-holders in several mines, and had done business together for years. The passenger—his name was Turton—was very rich, but very speculative. The captain used often to rate him for such gambling rashness, as he called it.

"You'll sink all your money some of these days as deep as the doubloons in the ships over there," said he to Turton one day as we were sailing along the Cornish coast.

"What ships?—where?" said the other.

"Do you see those breakers yonder," said the captain, "about half a mile to the windward of the southern point of that low, rocky little island? That's called Galleon Reef, and it is said that a fleet of Spanish treasure-ships were sunk there, to prevent their falling into the hands of our men-of-war that were after them."

"Has any of the money ever been found?" asked Turton.

"Yes, a few pieces now and then. There was a company started once—by some such speculative madcaps as you—but somehow or another it all came to nothing."

"Egad! I don't see why it shouldn't be done nowadays, with all our modern diving inventions."

"Oh, if you're for diving," said the captain, "here's your man;" and he turned to me. I had come aft to relieve the man at the wheel. I was a bit of a favorite with the captain for steadiness and sobriety, and he had asked me questions, and I had told him who and what I was.

"Are you a diver, my man?" said Turton.

"I believe you—John Hurst is one of the best and most skillful divers we have," said the captain, who then called for another hand to take the wheel in my place.

Turton asked me many questions, and often during the rest of the voyage would come to me and talk about the probabilities of recovering the treasure from the Spanish wrecks. He left us at Swansea, where we had to take in our cargo, after landing the freight we had brought out. In due time we returned to London, and my engagement being up, I left the ship, and forgot all about Mr. Turton and the Spanish galleons.

One day, however, as I happened to be passing across Tower Hill, I heard some one hailing me. I looked across the street, and saw it was my late captain. I went over to him, when he took out of his pocket a bit cut from the *Times*, containing an advertisement, in which I was requested to communicate at once with T. T. at his offices in Old Broad Street.

"That's Tom Turton," said the captain; "he's going to fish for the treasure-ships. Lose no time in going to him. If he's fool enough to throw his money into the sea, you may as well get the benefit as any one else."

I set off at once as he directed me. I saw Mr. Turton, who showed me the prospectus of a company which he had raised for the purpose of trying to recover the money in the lost treasure-ships. The adventurers were not many in point of numbers, he told me, but they were all wealthy, and, like himself, they delighted in speculation for its own sake. He wished me to report what would be required to set about the search with.

In a few days I sent in what I estimated as necessary for the attempt. I proposed to begin in as economical a manner as possible, and with a small staff. A couple of divers would be sufficient to examine the reef, and see what truth there was in the report, and if it proved true, to calculate what amount of money could be got out of the vessels. It would then be easy to send as many additional hands as necessary.

Mr. Turton declared himself greatly pleased with my scheme, and offered me the command of the divers, with very good wages. He said that I should be accompanied by a diver on whose behalf one of the share-holders had applied to him for the post.

He told me that in order to carry on the exploration with as little delay and intermission as possible, they had rented the small island situated near the reef, and that they would send out huts to be erected on it for us and the crew, and would forward at the same time an ample supply of all sorts of stores and necessaries.

This all seemed very hopeful to me, and I began to think my chance had come at last. I wrote and told Polly so.

I only discovered one drawback in the affair. It turned out that my partner was a diver of the name of Bleggs—a quarrelsome, ill-conditioned fellow, with not the best of characters. I felt it my duty to tell Mr. Turton thus much, but he said it couldn't be helped, for Bleggs's patron was one of the largest and most influential shareholders, and that he wanted Bleggs appointed to the post I had; and Bleggs would have had it but for Mr. Turton's tact and energy, and the respect the other adventurers felt for him.

Bleggs knew this; for, the first time we met, he said something about my luck in having friends at court to get me above the heads of better men. "Well," he continued, gruffly, "it's no odds. We shall see soon who does best for the company, skipper or man; and then perhaps a meddling secretary may get a wigging"—meaning Mr. Turton, who had been honorary secretary *pro tem*. I didn't wish, in the interests of the adventure, to quarrel with Bleggs; but I gave him to understand that I wouldn't have such language, and that once on Spanish Island, as our location was called, I should expect implicit obedience to orders.

In due time the island was reached, the stores were landed, and the huts built. We had a good-sized steam-launch to take us out to the reef. She was fitted with two powerful air-pumps. Our diving-dresses were of the best and newest pattern. Every thing looked well for success. The only thing that presented an obstacle was the frequent occurrence of bad weather. We could only take the launch among the rocks when the sea was pretty smooth, and, indeed, could not have made a descent without great risk when it was very rough.

Seizing every opportunity, I began the search. We were not long in discovering the remains of the wrecked ships. It was impossible to tell how many vessels there had been, for they had broken up and fallen to pieces, and the winter storms had spread dire havoc among them. Only one hulk, which lay comparatively sheltered between two perpendicular walls of rock, retained any semblance of a ship.

We explored the ocean bed carefully. I meant to examine the hulk first, but in a weak moment allowed myself to be dissuaded by Bleggs, who urged that as what we wanted was to learn as quickly as possible if there was gold, we had better examine the ships which the sea had broken up for us, and so save ourselves the trouble of breaking up the hulk.

The work was exhausting and fatiguing, and I found to my chagrin that Bleggs surpassed me in strength and endurance. My illness had shaken my constitution, and I suffered very severely from pain in the leg that had been fractured; but I made up my mind to persevere and do my best.

So far our search had been unsuccessful. At last I observed something that made me suspect that Bleggs was playing me tricks. Happening to make my descent after him somewhat more rapidly than usual, I found him emerging from the hulk. He assured me afterward that he had only gone there for mussels, of which he was very fond, and which were very fine on the hulk.

A day or two afterward—Bleggs having meantime obtained leave to "go ashore," as we called visiting the main-land—I observed that a man was constantly hanging about the reef fishing in an open boat. It was not a very good fishing-ground, and it was some distance from shore for an open boat; but I noticed that this stranger always remained at his moorings till after dark. He was not very communicative—indeed, he growled at our manœuvres, saying that we drove the fish away. At the same time I discovered that he was not a native, for he did not speak the local dialect, but what, for want of a better definition, I may call London-English.

My suspicions were aroused at last, when turning round suddenly one day while we were preparing to descend, I saw Bleggs signaling to the solitary fisherman. I said nothing, but determined to investigate without delay.

All that night I lay awake thinking over this matter. I rose in the morning with a matured plan. When Bleggs and I had finished our midday meal, which was cooked on board the boat, I ordered him to take off his diving-dress, and go to the main-land to fetch some paper, under the pretense that I had none in store, and must write my report to Mr. Turton that night. Bleggs did not seem to like the idea, but he was obliged to go. I sent one of the crew with him in our small punt; and as soon as I saw him disappear behind the island I jumped overboard to prosecute my search.

I made my way to the hulk and entered it. A very short survey sufficed to show me that it had been visited, and that the contents of its hold had been recently disturbed. Making my way down, I was speedily engaged in clearing the sand and weed, beneath which I soon came upon some large wooden cases, so rotted and decayed that a very few blows of my axe shivered the lid of one, and revealed the contents.

There lay masses of what, in spite of their being so oxydized and, as it were, fused together by the action of the salt-water, I could see were gold and silver coins. The sight at first surprised and delighted me; then came an access of rage at the treachery of Bleggs, who had, it was clear, concealed this treasure from me, and was evidently helping himself to the contents of the chest—somehow, though how I knew not.

I began to search the hold narrowly for some trace of the manner in which he removed the coin. In a remote corner I came on a bundle of raw hide, and several coils of thin but strong line. Beside these lay a knife which I identified as his, and therefore took possession of as a bit of evidence against him. Then I ascended to the deck again, and looked about me. I could see a place where the bulwarks had evidently been cut away quite lately, and beyond it in the sand, which had drifted up almost level with the deck, I could see a trail as if heavy bodies had been dragged along. I followed it, and was guided to a nook in the upright wall of rock, wherein I found two large packages, consisting of raw hide, and evidently full of coins. A line was attached to them. I followed it with my eye as it went up—up toward the surface of the water as far as I could see. I was just about to pull it, in order to discover whether it was attached to some floating buoy, when I made out through the dim green haze of heaving water a dark object, which I immediately guessed was the boat of the uncommunicative fisherman.

Well might that morose personage cast line after line into the sea if this was the sort of catches he made! I saw at once why he staid out until it grew dark. It was to haul in his prize unobserved. I determined he should have his labor for nothing this once, at any rate. I would tie his lines to a mass of rock, and let him pull that up! I should want some cord for this purpose, and remembering the coil in the hold of the vessel, I went back to seek it.

While I was groping my way in the hold I felt a sudden jerk at my signal line, which, as you are aware, is attached round a diver's waist. I supposed it must have caught on some projection on the wreck. The next minute I found it must have broken, for it hung loose.

As I put my hand behind me to the knot of the signal line to make sure that this was the case, I experienced a violent push from behind, which flung me down on my face. Before I could recover myself, or even wonder what was amiss, I felt my hands caught in a slip-noose, drawn forcibly together behind, and bound fast by the wrists.

By this time I had guessed who my assailant was. Bleggs had managed somehow to return very much sooner than he should have done, and had come down and surprised me.

As soon as he had finished tying my hands he turned me over on my back, and putting his foot on my chest, stood looking at me for a minute or two. Even at that moment it struck me how strange we must look—one man looking at the other with triumph and hatred, the other gazing at him in alarm and anxiety, but the countenance of each hidden from the other by the strange expressionless diving-helmets.

He raised me to my feet, when a violent struggle ensued. But he was my master; I was powerless with my hands bound so; he forced me back against an upright support, and lashed me to it.

I felt a sense of relief, for I knew that, although he had cut my single rope, my staying down long after he ascended would alarm the men in our boat, and some means would have to be taken to free me. There were one or two men among the crew who could dive a little, and there were two spare dresses on the island, in case of accidents.

But I had miscalculated my enemy's malice. You may have observed in a diver's helmet two little brass disks, perforated like the rose of a watering-pot. One of these is constantly in use allowing the superfluous or vitiated air to escape. The second is for use in case of the other being clogged or damaged. Both are so arranged that on being turned half round they are closed, and shut in the air, whereupon the diver becomes so buoyant that he rises at once to the surface.

Bleggs came up to me, made a mocking bow as if to take farewell, and then closed both the escape valves of my helmet. All the horror of my situation flashed on me! He intended to murder me. With every stroke of the air-pump would come a greater pressure of air, which by its increasing weight would kill me after the most awful tortures.

Before I had recovered from the shock Bleggs had disappeared, and already the strokes of the air-pump seemed to beat on my brain like sledge-hammers. I writhed and twisted and tore at my fastenings with the strength of a desperate man and the fury of a mad man. The agony became intense. All of a sudden I felt that I held some hard substance in my hand. It was the knife I had picked up. I had instinctively gripped it hard, even in my struggle with Bleggs. But it was closed. Still the pressure increased; I felt as if my head would burst; my eyeballs seemed filled with fire; my breath was choked; my brain began to swim.

Now or never, thought I. After some vain struggling I managed to hold the knife against the timber with the back of one hand, and with the other open its blade. Directly it was open I thrust it into my diving-dress, which with the pressure of the air was distended like a balloon. With the bubbling sound that denoted the escape of the air through the hole thus made came an immediate sense of relief. The hope of escape from such imminent peril gave me new courage and fresh strength, and I speedily released myself from my bonds, and was saved.

The hole I had made was in the leg of my trowsers. I took some of the cord that had bound me, and after tying it as tight as I could round my leg above the hole, was able to turn on my regular escape valve and breathe with comparative freedom.

In a few moments I had gained the deck, and, closing the valve, was rapidly borne to the surface. I came up just under the quarter, and as I laid my hand on the rope-ladder to climb up the side, I heard Bleggs's voice:

"Governor's a long time down. Something queer there; wouldn't let me stay down—sig-

naled me to go up at once. Found the swag, p'r'aps, and wants it for himself! I wonder when he means coming up?"

"Now!" said I, climbing up, and showing myself over the bulwarks. Bleggs fell back as if he had been shot.

"Seize him, and bind him hand and foot!" said I to the men, who obeyed me with some wonder, and not very readily. Luckily he was too surprised to resist. When I told the story of his villainy the crew were for throwing him overboard then and there, but this I positively forbade.

At this moment, looking in the direction of our fisher friend, I saw him preparing to slip his cable and make for shore. I immediately ordered three of the crew into the boat to give chase. They caught him after a smart race.

To make a long story short, we traced the stolen treasure to this man's hut on the opposite side of the island to ours, and he and Bleggs were taken before the nearest magistrate, and the whole case laid before him.

Then I learned the manner of Bleggs's rapid return. Apparently guessing my suspicions, he had gone to the island instead of the main-land—had broken into the stores, and found the paper. This he showed to the man who was with him, saying he fancied he had seen some, and that I must have overlooked it, and so of course there was no need to go on shore.

The magistrate discharged Bleggs's accomplice. The treasure-ships were not our property, and the man was not in our employ, so there was no case against him.

But with Bleggs it was quite another affair, said the justice; though it was unnecessary to go into that part of the question, as he should commit him for trial on the charge of attempting to murder.

As he said this my overpent feelings gave way, and turning round giddily as if in search of support, I fell all in a heap on the floor.

From that time there was a long blank until I came to myself, and found I was lying in a bed, attended by a nurse, who seemed very glad to find I was sensible—as well she might, poor woman, for I had been raging with brain-fever. But I was forbidden to talk, and, indeed, scarcely cared to do so, I was so weak.

My recovery was very, very slow. At last, when I was strong enough, they told me that I had been laid up for a long time, during which my enemy had been kept in prison, until growing weary of confinement he had confessed all to Mr. Turton, and being allowed to plead guilty, had been transported.

I asked what time of the year it was, for I saw through my bedroom window that the branches of the trees were bare. I was told it was October.

Then came back to me the bitter thought that the year was nearly run out, and I was as badly off as at the commencement of it. I saw I had lost all chance of winning Polly. Nay, my long silence might have led her to think me faithless.

The worry and disappointment brought on a relapse, and for another month I lay at death's door, and was another three weeks ere I could muster strength to rise from my bed.

Then I wrote to Mr. Turton to ask him for the wages that were due at the time of my illness, and to thank him for his kindness in providing me, as I learned he had done, with nursing and medical attendance.

In a couple of days I received a letter from him inclosing me a check for a thousand pounds, with the thanks of the company for my fidelity and vigilance in their interests. They had raised an immense quantity of treasure.

I need hardly say how grateful I was, or how soon I gained health and strength then. I made my way up to town as soon as I could, and went straight to Polly.

It was the day before Christmas-day, and she was putting up the holly. I saw her through the window; so I slipped in quietly by the back-door, and crept up and caught her in my arms. It was a foolish trick, for she just gave me one look, and then fainted dead off.

But no harm came of it, and— Well, Sir, the thousand pounds satisfied the farmer, and we were married. And a better wife a man couldn't have.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADVICES from Lieutenant G. M. WHEELER, United States Engineers, whose movements during the past year we have had frequent occasion to chronicle, announce his arrival at Tucson about the 4th of December, with the men and animals nearly exhausted. The trip from Prescott to Camp Apache had been very severe, on account of the snow and high winds on the Colorado plateau. During their exploration one party had been sent to the San Francisco Mountains, and made the ascent of the principal peak. These mountains consist of three prominences, grouping in the form of a crater, the north-eastern rim being wanting. The principal peak was occupied as a topographical, barometrical, and photographic station. It is believed to be nearly 1000 feet higher than the peak usually ascended; and Lieutenant WHEELER was of the opinion that his party was the first to occupy its summit. This, however, was a mistake, as Dr. EDWARD PALMER, of the Smithsonian Institution, made the ascent in 1870, and obtained there a number of new species of plants and insects.

A document which has been for some years in preparation, and toward which much expectation has been directed by agriculturists, has just appeared from the government press—namely, the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture upon the diseases of cattle in the United States. About the middle of June, 1868, a disease broke out at Cairo, Illinois, among a number of Texas cattle, known as the Spanish fever, or the Texas cattle disease. In consequence of the rapid extension of this disease, very serious alarm was excited, and the services of Professor JOHN GAMGEE, a distinguished English veterinarian, then in the United States, were secured by General CAPRON, the Commissioner of Agriculture, for the purpose of instituting a careful inquiry as to its cause, course, and methods of treatment. The professor immediately visited the infected districts in Illinois, and in the spring of 1869 examined that part of Texas on or near the Gulf coast, where the transportation of the native cattle begins. In this last journey he was accompanied by Professor RAVENEL, of South Carolina, a specialist among the fungi, and whose particular object was to determine what part such plants played in the infection.

Dr. J. S. BILLINGS and Dr. CURTIS, of the army, were also associated in the inquiry, having special reference to the microscopic investigations. A second investigation by Professor GAMGEE, under the authority of the Commissioner of Agriculture, had reference to the subject of pleuro-pneumonia, in the course of which numerous microscopic observations were made by Dr. WOODWARD, of the Army Medical Museum. Full reports on these various subjects made by the different gentlemen are embodied in the volume referred to, which appears in quarto form, with numerous well-executed plates in chromo-lithography. It is also accompanied by a report by Mr. DODGE, the statistician of the Agricultural Department, upon the history of this Texas cattle disease, also known as splenic fever, in which the devastations of this peculiar native malady are traced back into the eighteenth century.

This report was considered by General CAPRON as simply preliminary, and further investigations are indicated as important. Among those especially mentioned are inquiries as to the best mode of arresting the contagion, and the proper way of transportation of the cattle Northward. He thinks that a general law of the United States, in the interest of public health, of an enlightened humanity, and of the cattle trade, should regulate this traffic, not only throughout the Gulf States, but on the great routes throughout the country.

Mr. CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM makes a communication to the *Academy*, in which he contests the value of the evidence by Messrs. PAYER and WEYPRECHT of an open polar sea, the fact being, according to Mr. MARKHAM, simply a confirmation of a well-known series of observations of the sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla by the Dutch and other navigators. The polar pack in this part of the arctic seas has usually been found in 76°; but occasionally, when the heavier fields have not drifted down during the summer, vessels have, toward the end of the season, found open water as far north as 82°. Thus SCORESBY, in 1806, reached the latitude of over 81°, and Captain GILLIS, in 1707, attained the same degree. This is simply because the heavy polar pack had not drifted south as usual, while the looser floes had been cleared away by the unusual prevalence of particular winds.

Mr. MARKHAM also remarks that the true route for polar exploration is not the one taken by PAYER and WEYPRECHT, but up Smith's Sound; and that two well-equipped gun-boats moving in that direction, with officers instructed by men like OSBORN, M'CLINTOCK, or KOLDEWAY, would explore all the Greenland coast, reach the north pole, and settle most of these arctic problems in one season. He, however, makes no mention of the movement of Captain HALL in that same direction, entirely ignoring the American polar expedition.

One of the recent enterprises of Mr. SETH GREEN, the well-known fish-breeder of Rochester, is his effort to renew the supply of bass in Otsego Lake. The name of this fish is another instance of the indefiniteness of the common names of fish, since the true bass belong to the perch family, while the one in question is allied to the white-fish of the lakes, a species of *Coregonus*. A hatching-house, capable of developing at least half a million of eggs, has been erected by Otsego Lake expressly for the purpose, and is already partially filled.

The president and secretary of the Chicago Academy of Sciences have lately issued a circular, addressed to its friends and correspondents throughout the world, detailing the amount of loss incurred by the disastrous fire of October last.

As we have already informed our readers, the building, although considered fire-proof, was entirely destroyed, with all its contents, nothing whatever having been saved from the flames.

According to the circular, the general collection of the Academy contained about 2000 mammals, 10,000 birds, 15,000 specimens of insects, 5000 fishes, and 8000 species of plants, together with a large series of ethnological implements and other objects. The special collections were of the greatest value: among these the birds of the Audubon Club; the State collection of insects, purchased from the heirs of Mr. B. D. WALSH; the cabinet of marine shells formerly belonging to Mr. WILLIAM COOPER, of New York; the Florida collections, made during two winters by Mr. BLATCHFORD and Dr. STIMPSON; the cabinet of minerals purchased from the estate of Mr. G. W. HUGHES; the collections made in Alaska by BISCHOFF and the other naturalists of the Western Union Telegraph expedition; the deep-sea crustacea and mollusca dredged in the Gulf Stream by Count POURTALÈS; a large collection of tertiary fossils of the United States; the mineralogical collection of Mr. ATWATER; the herbarium of the late Dr. SCAMMON; the SCAMMON collection of ancient Central American pottery; the collections from the deep-sea dredgings by Dr. STIMPSON and Mr. MILNER in Lake Michigan. The most serious losses, however, were those of the Smithsonian collections of crustacea, undoubtedly the largest alcoholic collection of this class in the world. This filled over 10,000 jars, and contained the types of the species described by Professor DANA, besides hundreds of new species, many of which were described in manuscripts lost by the same fire. The invertebrates of the United States North Pacific Exploring Expedition, collected mainly in the Japanese seas by Dr. STIMPSON in 1853–56, and the collection of the marine shells of the east coast of the United States, were also lost.

The collections of the Smithsonian Institution had been placed in Dr. STIMPSON's hands for investigation, having been largely gathered by him on various government expeditions, and he had already completed the manuscript of a report upon them to the institution at the time of the fire. An immense number of drawings and several completed manuscripts were also consumed. In addition to the natural history specimens, all the undistributed copies of the Transactions were burned, together with several valuable paintings. Manuscripts of the works on the shells of the east coast of North America, and on the crustacea of North America, by Dr. STIMPSON, which were in an advanced stage of preparation, and illustrated by cuts, already engraved, were also destroyed.

The officers of the Academy, however, in reporting these losses, desire it to be understood that although now prostrate by this terrible disaster, they hope soon to resume the place they have formerly held among sister institutions, the trustees having determined to build up again the material interests of the institution. They therefore appeal to their correspondents at home and abroad for help in supplying at least a second set of the publications with which they had already been favored.

The *Commercial Advertiser*, of Honolulu, of November 11, contains an account of the shipwreck of the bark *Japan*, the first whaler ever fitted out through a Victorian agency, and which was wrecked on the Siberian coast of Behring Straits, in the Tschuchtche country, about latitude 66°, on the 8th of October, 1870. The crew were obliged to betake themselves to the shore, where they were hospitably treated by the natives, and where they spent the winter, undergoing more or less of privation. On the 16th of June, 1871, however, they succeeded in reaching the bark *John Wells*, of New Bedford, and the shipwrecked men were distributed among the different vessels of the whaling fleet, and were sharers in the disaster which lately befell that body of vessels.

We have before us the first number of the Journal of the Anthropological Institute of New York, an institution newly organized upon the base of the former Ethnological Society of that city. In the change the scope of the society has been greatly enlarged, and many of the difficulties attendant upon the maintenance of the old organization have been obviated. Several papers of more or less interest are to be found in this first number, and there is little doubt that the new society will occupy a prominent place in advancing knowledge in the world.

A valuable document lately issued by the Surgeon-General's office at Washington, prepared by Dr. G. A. OTIS, consists of a report of surgical cases treated in the army of the United States from 1865 to 1871, covering almost every possible variety of injury, including gun-shot wounds, lacerations, fractures, dislocations, amputations, etc. The report, which is a quarto of nearly 300 pages, is illustrated in the same excellent style of its predecessors, and the wood-cuts are especially worthy of all praise.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN London a thoroughly competent gas inspector is appointed by the government, who is entirely independent of the gas companies. It is his duty to report upon the illuminating or "candle" power of the gas furnished; and if it is below the prescribed standard, the delinquent company is compelled to pay a heavy fine. The inspector does his work fearlessly, and the result is apparent in the high illuminating power of the gas. Some of the London companies take pride in keeping their gas up to the maximum power required of them. What we want is a certain quantity of *light*, not a certain quantity of gas. In a recent article upon this subject the *Scientific American* very justly remarks that "light is the article we ought to pay for, and the only correct measure is the photometer, not the gas-meter." The more dilute the gas is, the more readily it is consumed, and the gas-meter may indicate a large consumption, while but little light has been afforded. So long as gas is sold by the cubic foot, great opportunity is given for adulteration. Those who manufacture gas always have competent chemists in their employ, and they know how to furnish abundant light with gas. Under certain circumstances, as when the weather is very cold, a richer gas is made, which will bear the condensation of hydro-carbons without too great a loss in illuminating power. Considering the amount of money annually paid to the gas companies of New York and Brooklyn, it seems evident that we have too much gas and too little light.

It is stated that of the seventy-four Senators, fifty are lawyers, and eleven have been Governors. Senator Sumner has seen the longest service—twenty consecutive years.

A minister of Scotland, living near Largo, recently refused to baptize the child of a man who sold milk on Sunday. If it were not lawful to procure and use milk on Sunday as well as on week-days, probably cows would produce a double quantity on Saturday and none on Sunday, after the fashion of the manna in the wilderness.

Nowhere do the Jews suffer more rigorous persecution, nowhere are they more wretched, than at Jerusalem. Shut up in the most unwholesome part of the city, they are ill used, imposed upon, and robbed without hope of legal redress.

This year Japan, for the first time, has sent a full delegation of diplomatic representatives to Washington. Arinori Mori, who is the first regular minister ever appointed by the Japanese government, is about twenty-five years of age, and was educated in London. His superior talents and his knowledge of English designated him for his present position. Masahazah Toyama is first secretary of the legation, and Ichiskey Nawaa the second secretary. Samro Takaki has charge of the finances. Charles Lanman is the American secretary of the legation. There are about 500 volumes of Japanese books in the library of the legation. Among them is a history of Japan in fifty volumes, and there are also some elaborate and excellent maps of that country. Translations of many American books are also found in this library.

A chemist of some celebrity—Dr. Bennet by name—considers the tomato an invaluable article of diet, and ascribes to it important medical properties. He regards it as peculiarly useful in all those affections of the liver and other organs where calomel is considered indispensable; and believes that a chemical pill can be obtained from it which will altogether supersede the use of calomel. He says that it is also almost a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion, and advises the frequent use of it as an article of diet.

A curious story is told of a gentleman of Newberry, England, who recently made a wager of $5000 that at eight o'clock on a particular evening he would sit down to dinner in a well-woven, well-dyed, well-made suit of clothes, the wool of which formed the fleece on sheep's backs at five o'clock that same morning. Two sheep were shorn; the wool was washed, carded, stubbed, roved, spun, and woven; the cloth was scoured, fulled, tented, raised, sheared, dyed, and dressed; the garments were made. At a quarter past six he sat down to dinner, at the head of his guests, in a complete damson-colored suit—thus winning his wager with one hour and three-quarters to spare.

An anxious inquirer desires us to inform him—or her—how soon, in the opinion of the French Academy of Sciences, the sun's extinction may be expected, reports being current that that august body is occupied with the consideration of this question. Doubtless, as soon as we have time, we shall write to the Academy upon the subject; meanwhile we take great comfort in the conviction that the sun will not go out until the manufacture of gas is more perfectly understood. Furthermore, to relieve the apprehensions of our correspondent, we give our opinion that the "rising philosopher" who announces the speedy "explosion of our globe" will be humane enough to give seasonable notice of that catastrophe, so that all who desire may escape to Mars, Venus, or any other safe locality—by balloon or otherwise.

No more amusing anecdote is told of Artemus Ward than the following:

One day while traveling in the cars, and feeling miserably, and dreading to be bored by strangers, a man took a seat beside him and presently said,

"Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus. "Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said,

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England. Do you think they will put him in a Bastile?"

"Train? Train?—George Francis Train?" said Artemus, solemnly. "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes; then he said,

"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious; he walked up the car, but at last came back and said,

"You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said, "What was his other name?"

Belgium has the honor of having devised a self-inflating life-preserver, consisting of a belt containing carbonate of soda and tartaric acid, so arranged that when the wearer falls into the water the two substances dissolve and evolve sufficient gas to float him! The idea is said to have been suggested by a ship-wrecked apothecary, whose life was saved by the circumstance of his having a box of Sedlitz powders in his pocket.

The "Night College for Christian Workers" is in Forty-third Street, between Madison Avenue and the Grand Central Dépôt. The object of it is to give practical instruction and directions to those who are engaged in benevolent Christian labor, and who desire to work more successfully. Even those who are earnest and sincere in their efforts to do good may fail to accomplish much from lack of knowledge or tact, and special instruction from experienced persons is what is needed. Lectures are given at the college building on every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evening.

Mr. Fisk purchased last summer, through his agent, a beautiful family lot in Brattleborough cemetery. He often remarked that Brattleborough was a good old place, and he intended to be laid away there. The lot was one of the finest in the cemetery.

There is an important lesson in the comment made by a murderer who was recently hanged, upon the instruction and care bestowed upon him by missionaries and ministers during his last days of life: "If I had received as much attention before being put into prison as I have since, I should never have been here." To prevent is better than to cure evil.

If there is any way to burn kerosene without danger of explosion, it should be made public. We quote from an exchange the following recipe: "Cram the wick into the lamp, fill up the interstices with sponge, and saturate the whole thoroughly with kerosene; as long as any oil remains in the wick the lamp keeps burning, and no danger need be apprehended from upsetting and even breaking the lamp. A lamp so used is perfectly safe."

Notwithstanding the Yosemite Valley is "snowed in," and most of its hotels closed and abandoned for the present, about eighteen persons are spending the winter there in private cabins.

It is worth while to know how to stop bleeding from the nose when it becomes excessive. If the finger is pressed firmly upon the little artery which supplies blood to the side of the face affected, the result is accomplished. Two small arteries, branching up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jaw-bone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, for example, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw till the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it, and the bleeding will cease. Continue the pressure five minutes, until the ruptured vessel in the nose has time to contract.

An apparatus has been invented, to be attached to vessels, so arranged as to sound an alarm on approaching the vicinity of an iceberg. It is well known that icebergs refrigerate the water around them for a considerable distance. This instrument will exhibit the exact temperature of the water below the vessel at all times.

THE FISK TRAGEDY.

A brief recapitulation of the facts presented in the sketch of James Fisk, Jun., given in the preceding issue of the *Weekly* will enable our readers to follow with fresher interest the narrative of subsequent events.

About four o'clock Saturday afternoon, January 6, Fisk alighted from his carriage in front of the Grand Central Hotel, in Broadway, and bidding his coachman wait for him, entered the hotel, and commenced ascending the ladies' staircase. On reaching the first landing, seven steps from the street, he was shot in the abdomen by Edward S. Stokes, who stood at the head of the stairs. As is usually the case with such wounds, the victim was for the moment hardly conscious of the injury he had received, for, scarcely stopping, he uttered the exclamation, "Oh!" and still presented a mark for his adversary, who fired a second shot, which took effect in the fleshy part of the left arm above the elbow, producing a wound that in itself was only trivial. He then staggered, and turned apparently with the intention of seeking safety in flight. The wounded man managed to reach the foot of the stairs, where he fell. Throwing his pistol under a sofa in the ladies' parlor, Stokes endeavored to make his escape by the Mercer Street entrance, but was seized by some employés of the house, and handed over to the custody of the police.

EDWARD S. STOKES.—[Photographed by Kurz.]

The wounded man was immediately removed to a room in the hotel, where every thing was done of which surgical skill was capable to save his life. All was unavailing. Toward daylight next morning he commenced sinking rapidly, and expired a little before eleven Sunday forenoon. His wife, summoned from Boston by telegraph, was present at his bedside during his last hours.

Monday forenoon the body of the deceased lay in state in the large hall of the Erie Railway Company, in the Grand Opera-house building, guarded by members of the Ninth Regiment, of which he was colonel. In the afternoon, after a brief funeral service, the body was transported by railroad to Brattleborough, Vt., and there interred in the village cemetery, where Fisk had recently purchased a family burial lot.

Thus ends the first act of the tragedy—a tragedy commencing with a farce in which eminent personages of the bench and bar condescended to play the rôle of chief comedians, little dreaming the curtain was to descend upon such a bloody scene.

After being confronted with Fisk, who recognized him, Stokes was removed to a police station-house for the night. The next morning he was taken to the Tombs. It was remarked that, on being brought out of the cell where he had been confined, he was dressed with scrupulous neatness, and bore but little evidence of anxiety. He stepped lightly into the carriage, and on the way to the Tombs chatted in a lively and unconcerned manner with the officers who accompanied him. Commissioner Smith was in waiting when the prisoner reached the gloomy building. His name was entered in the ordinary manner, and he was simply committed to await the result of his victim's injuries. As he was crossing the Tombs court-yard he said to the police captain, "One year ago to-day Fisk had me arrested for embezzling $65,000." He was then locked up with another prisoner in cell No. 73, but not until after a remonstrance with the captain, and a request that he might be locked up alone. His request could not be acceded to, and he was left with his new acquaintance. The prisoner was subsequently removed to another cell. In the course of the afternoon a consultation took place in the prison office with his counsel, Messrs. John Graham, John M'Keon, Willard O. Bartlett, and Roger A. Pryor. The consultation lasted for one hour and a half, and its purport was, of course, kept secret.

In a brief interview between Stokes and a reporter for the New York *Times*, with whom he was acquainted, he seemed loath to refer to the subject which was the all-absorbing topic of the day, and a stranger would not have suspected that he was the principal actor in the bloody drama of the previous evening. The following is part of the conversation, as given in the *Times:*

Reporter. "Mr. Stokes, I am sorry to meet you here, with this terrible crime hanging over your head."

Mr. Stokes. "You need have no fears for me. I am no murderer. I have read the papers, and I assure you there is a tale yet untold."

Reporter. "Can you bear to hear the worst?" (He had not yet been informed of Colonel Fisk's death.)

Mr. Stokes. "Certainly; I can bear to hear any thing."

Reporter. "Mr. Fisk is dead."

Mr. Stokes (*calmly*). "Is that so?"

Reporter. "Yes; he died about an hour ago."

Mr. Stokes. "Well, it is a sad loss to the business community; but the papers should not prejudge me by calling me a murderer. Some of the narratives read like a romance. I never wished Colonel Fisk any personal harm, and never dreamed of offering him any. I could say more, but you can certainly appreciate my position. My counsel have closed my lips."

Reporter. "Did you follow Colonel Fisk's carriage down Broadway yesterday?"

Mr. Stokes. "That statement is preposterous. I rode down from the Yorkville court yesterday afternoon in company with Assistant District Attorney Fellows and Mr. John M'Keon; we stopped at Delmonico's, corner of Chambers Street, and took some lunch."

Reporter. "Did not Judge Barnard say there that there was a bench-warrant out for you—you having been indicted by the Grand Jury?"

Mr. Stokes. "I did not see Judge Barnard on Saturday, and had no knowledge from any source of there being any indictment found against me; had I heard such a thing I would not have believed it, for I know there was nothing to warrant such a proceeding."

Reporter. "It is the general impression that Mr. Beach's severe examination of Mrs. Mansfield, added to the alleged remark of Judge Barnard, drove you to desperation, and that you intercepted Mr. Fisk on Broadway, and followed him to the Grand Central Hotel."

Mr. Stokes. "There is not one syllable of truth in that report; I never dreamed that Colonel Fisk was out of his house; I supposed him confined to his room with an attack of varioloid. There was nothing occurred at the Yorkville court to discompose me; on the contrary, I think the case was much in my favor. I had considerable business to attend to in the afternoon; I had an engagement with a well-known gentleman at Amity Street and Broadway regarding a trot to come off at Providence; I also telegraphed a gentleman requesting his presence here this week." Here Mr. Stokes remarked that he was disobeying the instructions of his counsel, and therefore could not speak further.

Reporter. "Do you have any fear for the result as regards yourself?" Here Mr. Stokes took a small wallet from his pocket.

Mr. Stokes. "Do you see that wallet? Well, as sure as you see it, just as sure will I be acquitted by any jury that can be impaneled."

Mr. Stokes here excused himself, and tapped on the window of the door for Warden Stacom. The warden asked him if he wished to return to his quarters. Mr. Stokes replied, "I merely wished to trouble you for a match to light my cigar."

Mr. Stokes concluded by again assuring the reporter that it would be impolitic for him to say any thing further, and he hoped that the reporter would not attribute his reticence to indifference.

On Monday morning the gentlemen summoned by Coroner Young to act as a jury met at the office of the Erie Railway, and were there sworn by him. Among them were Marshal O. Roberts, George Opdyke, Henry Clews, A. V. Stout, William B. Duncan, and other gentlemen of high standing in the community. The late residence of Fisk, in West Twenty-third Street, was visited by the jury, who there viewed the body of the murdered man. The inquest was conducted in the hall of the Court of Special Sessions, in the Tombs, commencing at three o'clock in the afternoon, and continued the next day. Stokes was present with his counsel. Ex-Judge Fullerton, Charles S. Spencer, and Mr. Beach appeared on the part of the friends of the deceased. Assistant District Attorney Sullivan was also present in behalf of the people.

The inquest was about commencing, when Mr. Graham, of the prisoner's counsel, interposed, with the view of counteracting what he called "a murderous feeling," which he believed had "infected the atmosphere of the court-room." His remarks foreshadowed, as one line of defense, an attempt to show that Fisk was armed at the time of the shooting, and that his friends might have concealed "any evidence of violence that might have been made by the unfortunate deceased." Mr. Graham asked the coroner to place before the jury evidence relating to the condition of Mr. Fisk's body from the very time that he sustained this injury down to the time of his death.

It would transcend our limits to give full details of the inquest. The first witness examined was John T. Redmond, who saw the shooting. His story, in brief, was as follows: At about four o'clock Mr. Stokes entered the hotel while he, witness, was standing on duty at the door of the ladies' entrance; Mr. Stokes ascended the stairs, and about ten minutes afterward Mr. Fisk's carriage drove up. Mr. Fisk asked if Mrs. Moss was in; witness told him that she was not; Mr. Fisk then asked if her daughter was in, and if he would go up stairs and see. The witness did not go up stairs, but told Mr. Fisk that Miss Moss was in her grandmother's room. Mr. Fisk started to go up stairs, and witness then heard the first shot fired, and Mr. Fisk cry, "Oh!" The second shot was then fired, and heard by the witness, and Mr. Fisk fell down about six steps; he got up and walked to the base of the stairs, turned around, and looked up to see if Mr. Stokes was there. Mr. Fisk then walked up stairs, and was helped by some gentlemen to enter the reception-room. Witness saw no more until Mr. Stokes was recognized by Mr. Fisk.

Another witness, Thomas Hart, stated that he works at the Grand Central Hotel. About four o'clock he was going to work at cleaning the gas-globes up stairs, while Redmond was below at the door; the stairs led to Broadway. Mr. Fisk was coming up stairs about the time he referred to. He was not acquainted with Mr. Fisk. He saw Mr. Stokes coming stealthily along the hall at the first parlor at the left of the staircase. Mr. Stokes was alone, and walked hurriedly but stealthily, keeping close to the wall. He heard Mr. Stokes say, when he saw Mr. Fisk, "Now I have got you;" and heard Fisk say, "Oh, don't!" Witness was standing six feet behind Mr. Stokes, and was looking right at him. Two shots were fired in quick succession. He did not stop to assist Mr. Fisk, but followed Mr. Stokes. Mr. Stokes had his overcoat unbuttoned, and carried his right hand in his overcoat pocket. As he passed the parlor he threw something in the room. His eye was constantly on Mr. Stokes from the time that he first saw him at the parlor until the time that he saw him shoot Mr. Fisk.

Benjamin C. Allen testified that he with two others seized Stokes, and he identified the prisoner as the man. The examination of Patrick Hart, a hall-boy in the Grand Central Hotel, who had assisted Fisk up stairs after the shooting, elicited nothing new. Dr. Tripler, who attended the wounded man, testified that the wound in the abdomen was necessarily fatal; that, in his opinion, death was not hastened by the probing of the wound; that Fisk identified Stokes as the man who shot him; that, having assisted in undressing Fisk, he found no indication that he was armed, although he had heard a rumor to that effect. The prisoner's counsel contended that all the attachés of the hotel should be summoned and examined relative to the rumor that arms were found in the room where Fisk was carried after the shooting. This was deemed unnecessary by the coroner, who, declining to receive a protest from the prisoner's counsel, submitted the case to the jury on the conclusion of Dr. Tripler's testimony.

The jury retired at a quarter to five, Tuesday afternoon, and at a quarter to eight returned to the court-room with the following verdict:

The jury find upon the testimony submitted in this inquest that the deceased James Fisk, Jun., came to his death at the Grand Central Hotel, in the city of New York, on the 7th of January, 1872, at the hour of 10.50 A.M., in consequence of a wound or wounds inflicted by a ball or balls from a pistol in the hands of Edward S. Stokes, discharged by him in a deliberate manner at the said James Fisk, Jun., at the Grand Central Hotel, about 4 o'clock P.M. on Saturday, 6th of January, 1872.

Mr. Stokes was then formally questioned by the coroner, after having received the usual caution.

Q. What is your name? A. Edward S. Stokes.

Q. How old are you? A. Thirty years of age.

Q. Where were you born? A. Philadelphia.

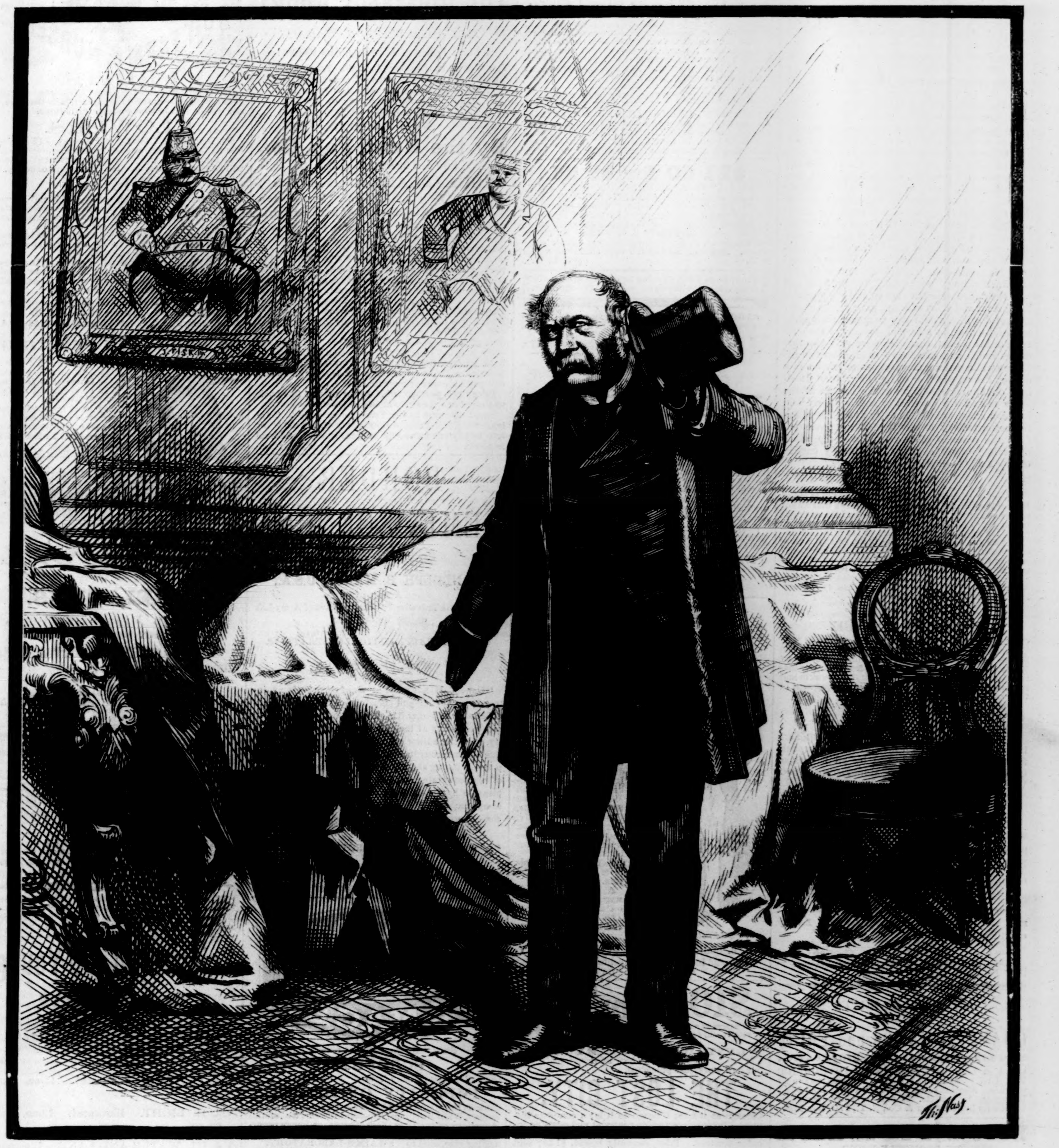
Q. Where do you reside? A. At the Hoffman House, in the city of New York.

Q. What is your occupation? A. A broker.

Q. Have you any thing to say, and if so what, relative to the charge here preferred against you?

Prisoner (through his counsel, Mr. Graham). By advice of my counsel, Mr. John M'Keon, Mr. John Graham, and the Messrs. Bartlett, I decline answering any further questions at this time; I am in their hands, and am governed by their advice.

The prisoner's counsel, through Mr. Graham, then interposed for a delay in the return of the proceedings, on the ground that a popular prejudice against the prisoner precluded a fair and impartial trial. We give his argument in full. He said: "If your honor please, I want to call your attention to the language of the statute as to the time in which you are to make a return of the proceedings to the court having cognizance to indict for and to try upon the indictment upon this offense. The coroner has stated that he means to do justice in this matter, and if he means to do justice, he does not mean unnecessarily to feed the fire that is now burning. The tragical character of Colonel Fisk's death was calculated, without reference to his merits or demerits, to inspire the community with horror. It is very natural that humanity should recoil at the perpetration of such a deed as this, even though it was committed under circumstances perfectly justifiable or excusable. To have a human being sent out of this world to his long account by the hand of his fellow-man, even under such circumstances as the Deity himself would justify, is an act not to be treated with levity, but with gravity. The coroner has a discretion as to the expedition that shall characterize this complaint. The statute provides that 'the testimony of all those witnesses examined before the jury shall be reduced to writing by the coroner, and shall be returned by him, together with the inquisition of the jury, and recognizances and examinations taken by such coroner, to the next criminal court of record that shall be held in the county.' Now, if there is an intention to spring the case upon the existing courts, it is a violation of this statute, and if the coroner has the discretion, he has a right to show, by the tardiness with which he shall return these proceedings, that he is determined that this prisoner shall not be sacrificed at the stake without that fair and deliberate trial which the constitution guarantees to every man. You have only to refer to many familiar cases to satisfy your mind. If the trial of M'Farland



MR. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD (*Erie Ring Counsel*). "GONE TO A HIGHER TRIBUNAL."

was proceeded with at any time within thirty days after the commission of the deed, he must have been convicted; the public mind was so incensed against him that he must be condemned; but when that sober second thought came upon the people, the healthy reaction set in, and he was not only acquitted, but the jury, on the part of the public, originally so incensed against him, almost applauded him for the act. The reason the law gives you this discretionary power is that heat like this may subside. It is no time to offer a victim upon the altar of public justice when men's minds are so heated that they can not give the prisoner's case that calm consideration which is his just right. This kind of Lynch law hinted at in reference to this case is not in vogue in this community, and I submit, therefore, with all respect, that if you desire that no injustice should be extended to the prisoner, you will keep this case until the latest moment from the court. The law secures to this man a fair trial, and it is impossible, under the circumstances that now surround this case, to consider it calmly and dispassionately. As an officer of the law, in the incipient stages of this matter, if you think it would be unjust to the prisoner to hand over the case at once to the prosecuting officer, under your oath you are bound not to resign it to that court, and you are bound to give the prisoner an opportunity of fair and impartial trial, which can not come to him under the circumstances I have warned you against."

After some further discussion between Mr. M'KEON and Assistant District Attorney SULLIVAN, the coroner said he should take the matter into consideration. Mr. STOKES was then formally committed to the Tombs to await the action of the Grand Jury, and the proceedings terminated.

In connection with this sketch of this deplorable tragedy we give the portrait of Mr. EDWARD S. STOKES, at whose hand the deceased received his death wound, in the manner already related. Mr. STOKES is still a young man, having been born in Philadelphia in the year 1841. He received an excellent school education, and was accounted an apt and proficient scholar. In early life he was fond of all kinds of athletic sports, and was considered a skillful gymnast.

At the age of eighteen he came to this city, where for several months he was employed as a clerk by a large produce firm. He then entered into partnership with Mr. BUDLONG, and the firm of "STOKES & BUDLONG" became well known as an enterprising and highly successful house in the produce business. Mr. STOKES, who rapidly accumulated a very handsome fortune, was accounted one of the shrewdest operators on the Produce Exchange, even before he became of age, and while his share of the business was transacted in his father's name. It was not until shortly before his marriage that he persuaded his father's family to remove their residence from Philadelphia to this city.

Mr. STOKES's business connection with JAMES FISK was of recent date, and originated in a desire to obtain certain reductions in freight over the Erie road for the products of his kerosene oil-works on Long Island. The connection proved to be a disastrous one for STOKES. For a time the two men were friendly and harmonious; a dispute arising between them in relation to a woman whose name is notorious, they became hostile. FISK contrived, by help of hired roughs, to seize the oil-works under pretense of taking the property for debt, and not only kept possession of them, but continued to persecute his former friend by every contrivance known to the law. He caused his arrest on a charge of embezzlement; and finally, after forcing him to the wall, was on the point, it is alleged, of procuring another indictment against him on a criminal charge. It is unnecessary to dwell on the series of legal proceedings which ended in the complete discomfiture of STOKES before the courts. On the very day of the shooting he suffered a mortifying defeat in the Yorkville Police Court, and found himself at the end of his tether, while his antagonist was still as fresh as ever, elate with victory, and backed by an unlimited supply of money.

Mr. STOKES is slightly built, of fine personal appearance, rather dark in complexion, and about five feet nine inches in height. His hair, which a couple of years ago was jet-black, is now of an iron-gray tint, and were it not for his active movements he might pass for a man of forty-five years. He was married about nine years ago, and has one child, a daughter, who is now about eight years of age.

A CAB STORY.

THE following story, which tells rather unfavorably against the fraternity of cabmen, is too good to be lost. Neither in London nor New York are these gentry apt to cheat themselves.

The driver of a four-wheeled London cab, proceeding on his way with a fare, and suddenly hearing the rattling of money inside the vehicle, looked round, and discovered his fare on his knees at the bottom of the vehicle. Before he could inquire whether any thing had been lost, the gentleman called to the cabman to stop at the next public-house—a request that was com-

plied with. "I have dropped two sovereigns among the straw," he said (it was a wet night, and the cab had been liberally supplied with straw); "get a light for me if you can."

The gentleman was nervous, uncharitably suspicious, and had an objection to leave the interior of the cab till his property was discovered; and the driver went away in search of a light, which having been procured, in the shape of a guttering candle, the cabman and the gentleman commenced their search together. In the middle of it, and while the fair was explaining how the two sovereigns had slipped through his fingers as he was getting his money ready, a gust of wind blew out the candle, and this time the gentleman, in a temporary absence of doubt, ran into the public-house to get the light renewed. He had no sooner passed into the establishment than the sound of the cab wheels revolving rapidly suggested the trick that had been played him. There was a frantic dash through the door into the street, and a distant view of the cabman driving off at his utmost speed, with the lost property in his possession. The fare followed in pursuit, vociferating "Stop thief!" but the hour was late, the police were not visible, and the pursuer, being stout and short of wind, gave up the chase, and sat down on a door-step to regain his breath, and to discover, by a careful scrutiny of the contents of his pocket, that they were only two farthings which he had allowed to slip through his fingers while making preparations to pay his fare a short distance farther on. The cabman's feelings on finding the prize at the bottom of the straw must have been bitter and intense. Did he think afterward that honesty would have been the better policy? or was it his firm conviction, from the moment of discovery, that the whole affair had been "a plant," very neatly carried out by a highly unprincipled personage?

AFTER perusing the Omaha Legal Enterprise in aid of Mercy Hospital, at Omaha, we must confess that we are astonished at the fairness of the Omaha Library drawing, and also the indorsement of this second scheme, under the auspices of the Sisters of Mercy, which includes all the authorities of the State, from the Governor down to the civil and military. The tickets are $3 each, or two for $5; highest prize, $50,000. The drawing takes place in public, Jan. 30th. DR. GARDINER, physician to Mercy Hospital, has associated with him MR. PATTEE. Full particulars can be had by addressing PATTEE & GARDINER, Omaha, Neb.—[*Com.*]

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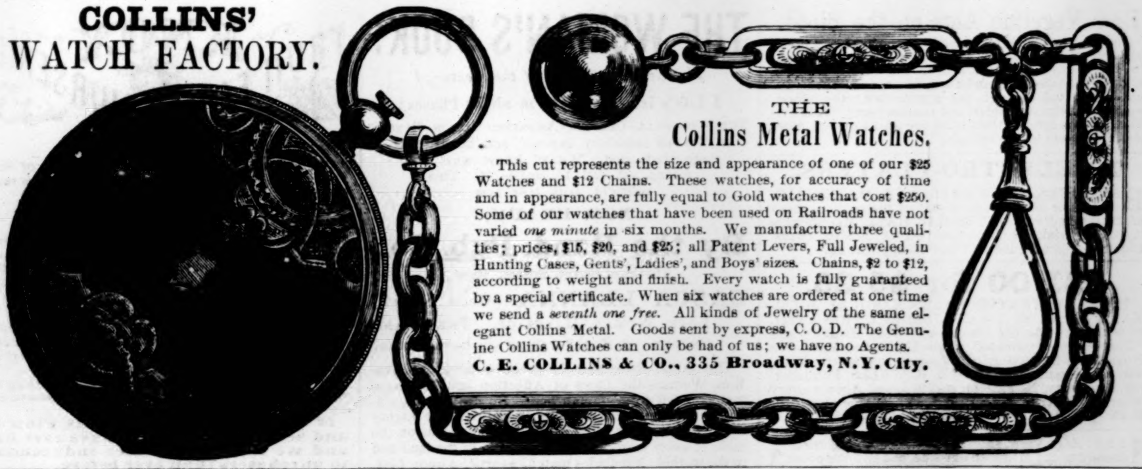

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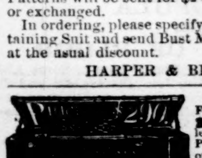

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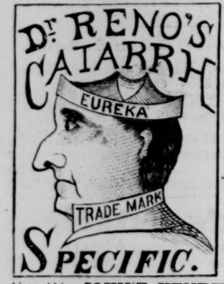

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PRIZE CATS AT THE LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE CATS.

A NEW era has been inaugurated for cats. Hitherto, however petted and praised Puss may have been as a good mouser or a domestic ornament to the hearth-rug, her fond owners never inquired into her pedigree, cared little for figure or regularity of marking, paid no attention to weight, and unless she was something very out of the common, summed up these attractions in the comprehensive term of "a beauty." As to a feline competitive examination for such perfections, such an idea was never broached until early in last year, when some energetic spirit suggested the feasibility of a cat show, and in July last the idea was acted upon by the managers of the London Crystal Palace. That exhibition succeeded so well that a second and more extensive exhibition was planned, which took place a few weeks since. To judge from the excellence of the animals, as well as from the enthusiasm of the spectators, we may expect that the cat show will become as favorite an institution as the equine, canine, and bovine exhibitions in which Americans and English profess to take so much delight. We confidently expect that before another year comes round New York will have a grand Cat Exhibition, beside which that of the London Crystal Palace will sink into insignificance.

The aspect of the London Crystal Palace during the two days of the show is said to have been most lively and amusing. It had been predicted by skeptical persons that Pussy, accustomed to roam about at will, would take her confinement with a very bad grace, rend the air with pitiful mews, and scratch any unwary stranger who should attempt to caress her. It was quite the contrary, however. Beyond an occasional plaintive cry when spoken to in a tone that reminded them of home, the hearth-rug, and their mistress's lap, the cats were singularly quiet, and barring, perhaps, the few wild specimens, and one unfortunate tabby which a visitor would insist upon stirring up with a large cloth-gloved finger, the animals appeared of the most friendly possible disposition, and when not asleep humped their backs, arched their tails, and rubbed their heads against their iron bars, as though delighted at being the subject of so much notice. As for the kittens, they appeared to be supremely happy, and rolled over and over in chase of the little spills of paper which lady visitors thrust into the cages for their delectation.

The first prize was won by a Persian she-cat of rare violet color, whose portrait is given on this page. The third prize was taken by the Abyssinian cat, shown in the lower right-hand corner of the illustration. She was captured in the late Abyssinian war, and was mostly remarkable for her woe-begone appearance, seemingly discontented at her sudden elevation into notoriety, and longing for her barbaric freedom in the good old days of King THEODORE. The animal that attracted most attention was "Tortoise-shell Tom." He stood alone in his glory, the admired of all beholders. The heaviest long-

haired cat was a yellow Persian, and when curled up it was simply impossible for a spectator to discover the whereabouts of either extremity, as it seemed exactly like a drawing-room door mat.

Cats have an honored place in ancient literature. Though they are not mentioned in the Bible, we may be sure there was a pair of them in the ark, and that they observed a sacred truce with the mice that sought refuge in the first ship of which we have a historical account. We are told that the name occurs in some Sanscrit legends two thousand years old; and long before that the ancient Egyptians had learned to appreciate the value of an animal whose instinct made it the protector of their immense granaries against a small but most dangerous marauder. They revered Pussy, therefore, in common with the ibis and the ichneumon; and although no monument as old as the Pyramids contains her image, she appears all the more frequently in temple and crypt. Here she sits snugly ensconced under a lady's chair, and there she stands half upright between the feet of King HANA. The Egyptians evidently appreciated the monumental outlines of the strange animal, and hence loved to reproduce it in paintings and in bronze. But Pussy had other claims to be looked upon with great reverence. She was sacred to the goddess Bubastis, the Venus of the land of the PHARAOHS, who was wont to assume her form, so that the cat was regarded as the living image of the deity. In the city called after her name, cats had on that account their temples and their hospitals during life, and were gorgeously mummified and entombed after death. To kill one of her race was deemed a capital crime; and if the Egyptian found a dead body, he raised on the instant a fearful plaint, to testify his distress and to announce his innocence. The death of a pet cat brought mourning to the house and the whole neighborhood, and the afflicted family showed their deep grief by shaving off their eyebrows.

During the Middle Ages the cat suffered a sort of religious persecution. She was reputed to belong to the devil; and St. DOMINICK never preached of the Evil One without presenting him to his listeners under the form of a cat. Ignorant and credulous people tormented and persecuted her, and on St. John's Day, the day of witches, when popular belief had it that they all left town and village to accompany their fearful mistresses to the great witches' Sabbath, they burned a goodly number for their delight. Such was the custom in France for many a generation, while in Flanders they were wont to throw them from church-steeple and tower. History tells us how LOUIS XIII., when a child, once begged of his father the lives of all that were to be thrown into the fire; but no chronicler reports whether the nine lives proverbially granted to cats ever saved them from cruel martyrdom. In the town of Ypres, at all events, this does not seem to have been the case, for there the barbarous custom continued till the year 1818!

After the days of persecution were over in Europe, cats ceased to appear in history, except on sorrowful occasions, when they were used to amuse men, and to exhibit man's incredible meanness. Thus we are told by grave historians that PHILIP II. of Spain laughed heartily only once in his life. It was when, in the year 1549, he made his solemn entry into Brussels. Among other ingenious contrivances to amuse him, he was met by a wagon on which a bear stood before what seemed to be a large organ; but in reality it was a box containing twenty cats, whose tails were tied up to meet the keys of the instrument. When the bear was stirred up he would smite the keys, the keys would pull the tails, and the poor cats would cry piteously, while monkeys danced merrily to the sad, miserable music. And the king laughed! The same savage cruelty has been repeatedly shown to poor Pussy, and even this century has witnessed a similar cat concert in London.

If we see Pussy in the idyllic peace of a pleasant home, we should hardly think of her as first cousin to the fierce lion and the still more cruel tiger. Before the house the cherry-trees are in full bloom, and send gentle, hardly perceptible fragrance in at the open window, while the bees are humming merrily, and gather the first sweet honey. Inside all is quiet, only the clock ticks gently, a bunch of violets perfumes the room, and golden sunshine plays on the floor. On the soft cushions of grandma's arm-chair lies Pussy, snowy white, soft like velvet, with closed eyes and graceful limbs—the very picture of happy innocence. But see her a few minutes later, when the great Newfoundland dog looks in at the open door: how she arches her back till every hair stands on end, how her eyes flash fire, how her tail beats wildly the air in swift, snake-like windings, and her sharp-pointed talons come forth from their downy sheaths, while she hisses with wild rage, and defies the gigantic enemy! Surely she does not deny then her descent from the terrible wild-cat of the woods, and makes us fully aware that if all is not gold that glitters, no more is Pussy always as she appears in the midst of her family, peacefully making her toilet. Is the cat a domestic animal? It sounds odd to hear the question asked, when Pussy on her soft rug or cozy cushion is apparently the very image of domestic peace and happiness. But, after all, the domestication is only apparent, or rather the word is to be taken in its most literal sense: the cat loves the house, but not the owner. Even the most pampered pet, indulged by the old people and the playmate of the young, will, upon very slight temptation, run away and join its country cousins. Some return, but others are captivated by the charms of the free-and-easy life of the freebooter, and never submit again to the restraints of domestic life. Even when the question is brought home to Pussy to choose between the kindest of masters and a house, the preference is not unfrequently given to the latter.

Cunning and treachery are the leading features in the character of cats. The proverb says, As false as a cat; and cat's-gold and cat's-silver, the mica of the geologist, derive their names from their deceptive appearance. Cautious and suspicious against all others, Pussy does not even trust man. She allows the stranger to approach to a certain distance; but if he comes nearer, she glides away on her soft, velvety foot, and vanishes quicker than a bird on his wings. If a dog meets her, she escapes at once; and, when hard pressed, she runs up a tree, and looks down from her safe retreat with contempt at the foolish barker. She knows every corner and every crevice of her home. In an instant she has caught the fried fish on the kitchen table—the most tempting tidbit she knows—or lapped up the rich cream on the milk-bowl; and the cook who enters the room finds her in deep slumber snugly ensconced near the hearth! Or she walks leisurely over the roof, just to take an airing after long confinement, to enjoy the bright, warm sunshine, and to look down upon the busy world from her vantage-ground. She does not think of the young bird who is trying his half-grown wings—not she; and yet, as he comes near her, she jumps, she strikes, and, quicker than eye can follow her, the poor little sparrow is lying between her feet, and she looks with delight at his agony. For the cat is a beast of prey, in spite of all the apparent gentleness and even bashful coyness she shows in her mistress's lap; the cat kills, and loves to kill, as the lion does; she is, after all, but a domesticated tiger. Her predations are secret, but very pernicious; and yet she enjoys almost perfect immunity, while her companions in evil-doing, the wolf and the fox, are slain without rest or remorse. She kills birds innumerable; the young hare in Europe, the rabbit with us, fall an easy prey to her, and even young chickens and ducks she does not refuse. And how she disguises her murderous instincts and bloody deeds! She never returns to the house till she has effaced every trace of her fearful misdoings in forest and field; and no one suspects, as she lies in apparent forgetfulness of the world and its wickedness, that she plans new iniquities, or enjoys in memory the savor of her last victim.

There must be something mysterious and almost supernatural in Pussy, or she would never have inspired people at one time with dread, and at other times with marvelous affection. The poor animal, compelled to hide her love-affairs under the benevolent mantle of night, has thus become more or less demoniac in the mind of the ignorant; she appears, in popular belief, with owl and bat, as the unfailing companion of witches; and no scene of ghostly horror is complete without a black cat. In mountain glens and dark dens cats watch over great treasures, and frighten the adventurous intruder with their fiery eyes; they are found crouching on cross-roads for unknown evil purposes, and they live, at times, in old abandoned mills. Few persons like to meet a black cat in the morning early; and many a poor woman owes the bad repute in which she stands in her village to no greater sin than her love for Pussy. Only Puss-in-Boots is a noble fellow, and many a fair princess has, in common folk-lore, been changed into a snowy-white kitten, to be released by a noble knight of surpassing valor. How different is Pussy, with her good-natured face, lying cozily in the lap of her indulgent mistress! The young girl, still fancy-free, and overflowing with vague affections; the sorrowful old maid, with her love all wasted; and even the thoughtful housewife, surrounded by a thousand cares—all pet and spoil Pussy, who, somehow or other, manages to become dear to their heart. Nor are men less subject to the mysterious charm, and, as we have seen, not unfrequently derive much pleasure from their merry gambols and their undemonstrative affection.

A writer in *Chambers's Journal* not long ago gave a happy explanation of the mysterious term "caterwauling." Suppose, he says, you very much desired to visit a friend, a female friend, a lovely creature to whom you were paying your addresses; only an immense wall—which you could not blow down like the Clerkenwell wall, because you had not the Fenian carelessness of results—intervened between you and the beloved object. Well, that is exactly the case with these poor, maligned pussies. "Come over the waur" (feline for wall, just as it is Scotch for worse), "the waur, the waur," cries the imprisoned puss. "Why don't you come over the waur?" "Spikes, spikes, spikes," cries Tom, explaining the nature of the obstruction, whereas we call it "swearing."

Théophile Gautier, in his account of his "Private Menagerie," tells us that one fine day a friend, setting out on his travels, left his parrot in his charge during his absence. The poor bird sat disconsolate on the top of his stand, while the author's favorite cat stared at the strange sight, and tried to gather up all the strays and waifs of natural history which she might have picked up on the roof, or in the yard and the garden. The writer followed her thoughts in her large green eyes, and read there clearly the words: It must be a green chicken!

Thereupon Pussy jumped down from his writing-table, and assumed, in a dark corner, the air of a panther in the jungle lying in wait for a delicate deer; crouching flat down, the head low, the back stretched out at full length, the elbows out, and the eye fixed immovably on the bird. The poor parrot had followed all her movements with nervous anxiety; he raised his feathers, sharpened his bill, stretched out his claws, and evidently prepared for war.

The cat lay still, but the writer read again in her eyes: No doubt, though green, the chicken must be good to eat! Suddenly her back was arched like a bow that is drawn, and, with one superb bound, she was on the perch. The parrot, seeing the great danger, lifted up his sharp, eager voice, and screamed out: "*As tu déjeuné, Jaquot?*"—Have you breakfasted, Jack?

The voice frightened Pussy out of her wits. All her ideas were overthrown; her eyes said, clearly: This is not a chicken; this is a gentleman! With one anxious glance at her master, she leaped down in sheer terror, and hid under the bed, from whence no threat and no caress could bring her out for the day.

Our own country knows Pussy only since she was brought over, like all good things, in the *Mayflower;* while California not so very long ago imported whole cargoes of the useful animals for the protection of grain and fruits against overwhelming numbers of mice. They were not yet able in those days to imitate the Japanese, who from time immemorial have manufactured china cats, with open eyes, so faithfully copied from nature that one of these toys, with a rush-light inside, will protect a whole house during the night against all marauders.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

LUCILLA'S JOURNAL, CONTINUED.

September 4.—I mark this day as one of the saddest days of my life. Oscar has shown Madame Pratolungo to me in her true colors. He has reasoned out this miserable matter with a plainness which it is impossible for me to resist. I have thrown away my love and my confidence on a false woman: there is no sense of honor, no feeling of gratitude or of delicacy, in her nature. And I once thought her—it sickens me to recall it! I will see her no more.

[*Note.*—Did it ever occur to you to be obliged to copy out, with your own hand, this sort of opinion of your own character? I can recommend the sensation produced as something quite new, and the temptation to add a line or two on your own account to be as nearly as possible beyond mortal resistance.—P.]

Oscar and I met at the stairs at eleven o'clock, as we had arranged.

He took me to the west pier. At that hour of the morning (excepting a few sailors who paid no heed to us) the place was a solitude. It was one of the loveliest days of the season. When we were tired of pacing to and fro we could sit down under the mellow sunshine and enjoy the balmy sea air. In that pure light, with all those lovely colors about us, there was something, to my mind, horribly and shamefully out of place in the talk that engrossed us—talk that still turned, hour after hour, on nothing but plots and lies, cruelty, ingratitude, and deceit!

I managed to ask my first question so as to make him enter on the subject at once, without wasting time in phrases to prepare me for what was to come.

"When my aunt mentioned that letter at dinner yesterday," I said, "I fancied that you knew something about it. Was I right?"

"Very nearly right," he answered. "I can't say I knew any thing about it. I only suspected that it was the production of an enemy of yours and mine."

"Not Madame Pratolungo?"

"Yes! Madame Pratolungo."

I disagreed with him at the outset. Madame Pratolungo and my aunt had quarreled about politics. Any correspondence between them—a confidential correspondence especially—seemed to be one of the most unlikely things that could take place. I asked Oscar if he could guess what the letter contained, and why it was not to be given to me until Grosse reported that I was quite cured.

"I can't guess at the contents—I can only guess at the object of the letter," he said.

"What is it?"

"The object which she has had in view from the first—to place every possible obstacle in the way of my marrying you."

"What interest can she have in doing that?"

"My brother's interest."

"Forgive me, Oscar. I can not believe it of her."

We were walking while these words were passing between us. When I said that, he stopped and looked at me very earnestly.

"You believed it of her when you answered my letter," he said.

I admitted that.

"I believed your letter," I replied; "and I shared your opinion of her as long as she was in the same house with me. Her presence fed my anger and my horror of her in some way that I can't account for. Now she has left me—now I have time to think—there is something in her absence that pleads for her, and tortures me with doubts if I have done right. I can't explain it—I don't understand it. I only know that so it is."

He still looked at me more and more attentively. "Your good opinion of her must have been very firmly rooted, to assert itself in this obstinate manner," he said. "What can she have done to deserve it?"

If I had looked back through all my old recollections of her, and had recalled them one by one, it would only have ended in making me cry. And yet I felt that I ought to stand up for her as long as I could. I managed to meet the difficulty in this way.

"I will tell you what she did," I said, "after I received your letter. Fortunately for me, she was not very well that morning, and she breakfasted in bed. I had plenty of time to compose myself, and to caution Zillah (who read your letter to me), before we met for the first time that day. On the previous day I had felt hurt and offended with the manner in which she accounted for your absence from Browndown. I thought she was not treating me with the same confidence which I should have placed in her, if our positions had been reversed. When I next saw her, having your warning in my mind, I made my excuses, and said what I thought she would expect me to say under the circumstances. In my excitement and my wretchedness, I dare say I overacted my part. At any rate, I roused the suspicion in her that something was wrong. She not only asked me if any thing had happened—she went the length of saying, in so many words, that she thought she saw a change in me. I stopped it there by declaring that I did not understand her. She must have seen that I was not telling the truth—she must have known as well as I knew that I was concealing something from her. For all that, not one word more escaped her lips. A proud delicacy—I saw it as plainly in her face as I now see you—a proud delicacy silenced her: she looked wounded and hurt. I have been thinking of that look since I have been here. I have asked myself (what did not occur to me at the time) if a false woman, who knew herself to be guilty, would have behaved in that way? Surely a false woman would have set her wits against mine, and have tried to lead me into betraying to her what discoveries I had really made? Oscar! that delicate silence, that wounded look, *will* plead for her when I think of her in her absence. I can *not* feel as satisfied as I once did that she is the abominable creature you declare her to be. I know you are incapable of deceiving me—I know you believe what you say. But is it not possible that appearances have misled you? Can you really be sure that you have not made some dreadful mistake?"

Without answering me, he suddenly stopped at a seat under the stone parapet of the pier, and signed to me to sit down by him. I obeyed. Instead of looking at me, he kept his head turned away, looking out over the sea. I could not make him out. He perplexed—he almost alarmed me.

"Have I offended you?" I asked.

He turned toward me again as abruptly as he had turned away. His eyes wandered; his face was pale.

"You are a good, generous creature," he said, in a confused, hasty way. "Let us talk of something else."

"No!" I answered. "I am too deeply interested in knowing the truth to talk of any thing else."

His color changed again at that. His face flushed; he gave a heavy sigh as one does sometimes when one is making a great effort.

"You *will* have it?" he said.

"I *will* have it!"

He rose again. The nearer he was to telling me all that he had kept concealed from me thus far, the harder it seemed to be to him to say the first words.

"Do you mind walking on again?" he asked.

I silently rose on my side, and put my arm in his. We walked on slowly toward the end of the pier. Arrived there, he stood still, and spoke those hard first words—looking out over the broad blue waters: not looking at me.

"I won't ask you to take any thing for granted on my assertion only," he began. "The woman's own words, the woman's own actions, shall prove her guilty. How I first came to suspect her—how I afterward found my suspicions confirmed—I refrain from telling you, for this reason, that I am determined not to use my influence to shape your views to mine. Carry your memory back to the time I have already mentioned in my letter—the time when she betrayed herself to you in the rectory garden. Is it true that she said you would have fallen in love with my brother, if you had met him first, instead of me?"

"It is true that she said it," I answered: "at a moment," I added, "when her temper had got the better of her, and when mine had got the better of me."

"Advance the hour a little," he went on—"to the time when she followed you to Browndown. Was she still out of temper when she made her excuses to you?"

"No."

"Did she interfere when Nugent took advantage of your blindness to make you believe you were talking to me?"

"No."

"Was she out of temper then?"

I still defended her. "She might well have been angry," I said. "She had made her excuses to me in the kindest manner, and I had received them with the most unpardonable rudeness."

My defense produced no effect on him. He summed it up coolly so far. "She compared me disadvantageously with my brother, and she allowed my brother to personate me, in speaking to you, without interfering to stop it. In both these cases her temper excuses and accounts for her conduct. Very good. We may, or may not, differ so far. Before we go farther let us, if we can, agree on one unanswerable fact. Which of us two brothers was her favorite from the first?"

About *that* there could be no doubt. I admitted at once that Nugent was her favorite. And more than this, I remembered accusing her myself of never having done justice to Oscar from the first. (*Note.*—See the sixteenth chapter, and Madame Pratolungo's remark, warning

you that you would hear of this circumstance again.—P.)

Oscar went on:

"Bear that in mind," he said. "And now let us get to the time when we were assembled in your sitting-room, to discuss the subject of the operation on your eyes. The question before us, as I remember it, was this. Were you to marry me before the operation, or were you to keep me waiting until the operation had been performed, and the cure was complete? How did Madame Pratolungo decide on that occasion? She decided against my interests; she encouraged you to delay our marriage."

I persisted in defending her. "She did that out of sympathy with me," I said.

He surprised me by again accepting my view of the matter without attempting to dispute it.

"We will say she did it out of sympathy with you," he proceeded. "Whatever her motives might be, the result was the same. My marriage to you was indefinitely put off, and Madame Pratolungo voted for that delay."

"And your brother," I added, "took the other side, and tried to persuade me to marry you first. How can you reconcile that with what you have told me—"

He interposed before I could say more. "Don't bring my brother into the inquiry," he said. "My brother at that time could still behave like an honorable man, and sacrifice his own feelings to his duty to me. Let us strictly confine ourselves, for the present, to what Madame Pratolungo said and did. And let us advance again to a few minutes later on the same day, when our little domestic debate had ended. My brother was the first to go. Then you retired, and left Madame Pratolungo and me alone in the room. Do you remember?"

I remembered perfectly.

"You had bitterly disappointed me," I said. "You had shown no sympathy with my eagerness to be restored to the blessing of sight. You made objections and started difficulties. I recollect speaking to you with some of the bitterness that I felt—blaming you for not believing in my future as I believed in it, and hoping as I hoped—and then leaving you and locking myself up in my own room."

In those terms I satisfied him that my memory of the events of that day was as clear as his own. He listened without making any remark, and went on when I had done.

"Madame Pratolungo shared your hard opinion of me on that occasion," he proceeded; "and expressed it in infinitely stronger terms. She betrayed herself to *you* in the rectory garden. She betrayed herself to *me* after you had left us together in the sitting-room. Her hasty temper again, beyond all doubt! I quite agree with you. What she said to me in your absence she would never have said if she had been mistress of herself."

I began to feel a little startled. "How is it that you now tell me of this for the first time?" I said. "Were you afraid of distressing me?"

"I was afraid of losing you," he answered.

Hitherto I had kept my arm in his. I drew it out now. If his reply meant any thing, it meant that he had once thought me capable of breaking faith with him. He saw that I was hurt.

"Remember," he said, "that I had unhappily offended you that day, and that you have not heard yet what Madame Pratolungo had the audacity to say to me under those circumstances."

"What did she say to you?"

"This: 'It would have been a happier prospect for Lucilla if she had been going to marry your brother, instead of marrying you.' I repeat literally: those were the words."

I could no more believe it of her than I could have believed it of myself.

"Are you really sure?" I asked him. "*Can* she have said any thing so cruel to you as that?"

Instead of answering me, he took his pocket-book from the breast pocket of his coat, searched in it, and produced a morsel of folded and crumpled paper. He opened the paper, and showed me some writing inside.

"Is that my writing?" he asked.

It was his writing. I had seen enough of his letters since the recovery of my sight to feel sure of that.

"Read it," he said, "and judge for yourself."

[*Note.*—You have made your acquaintance with this letter already, in my thirty-second chapter. I had said those foolish words to Oscar (as you will find in my record of the time), under the influence of a natural indignation, which any other woman with a spark of spirit in her would have felt in my place. Instead of personally remonstrating with me, Oscar had (as usual) gone home, and written me a letter of expostulation. Having, on my side, had time to cool, and feeling the absurdity of our exchanging letters when we were within a few minutes' walk of each other, I had gone straight to Browndown on receiving the letter, first crumpling it up and (as I supposed) throwing it into the fire. After personally setting myself right with Oscar, I had returned to the rectory, and had there heard that Nugent had been to see me in my absence, had waited a little while alone in the sitting-room, and had gone away again. When I tell you that the letter which he was now showing to Lucilla was that same letter of Oscar's, which I had (as I believed) destroyed, you will understand that I had thrown it into the fender instead of into the fire, and that I failed to see it in the fender on my return simply because Nugent had seen it first, and had taken it away with him. These particulars are described in greater detail in the chapter to which I have referred, the letter itself being there inserted at full length. However, I will save you the trouble of looking back—I know how you hate trouble!—by transcribing literally what I find before me in the Journal. The original letter is pasted on the page: I will copy it from the page for the second time. Am I not good to you? What author by profession would do as much for you as this? I am afraid I am praising myself! Let Lucilla proceed.—P.]

I took the letter from him, and read it. At my request, he has permitted me to keep it. The letter is my justification for thinking of Madame Pratolungo as I now think of her. I place it here before I write another line in my Journal.

"MADAME PRATOLUNGO,—You have distressed and pained me more than I can say. There are faults, and serious ones, on my side, I know. I heartily beg your pardon for any thing that I may have said or done to offend you. I can not submit to your hard verdict on me. If you knew how I adore Lucilla, you would make allowances for me—you would understand me better than you do. I can not get your last cruel words out of my ears. I can not meet you again without some explanation of them. You stabbed me to the heart when you said this evening that it would be a happier prospect for Lucilla if she had been going to marry my brother instead of marrying me. I hope you did not really mean that? Will you please write and tell me whether you did or not? OSCAR."

My first proceeding after reading those lines was, of course, to put my arm again in his, and to draw him as close to me as close could be. My second proceeding followed in due time. I asked, naturally, for Madame Pratolungo's answer to that most affectionate and most touching letter.

"I have no answer to show you," he said.

"You have lost it?" I asked.

"I never had it."

"What do you mean?"

"Madame Pratolungo never answered my letter."

I made him repeat that—once, twice. Was it not incredible that such an appeal could be made to any woman not utterly depraved, and be left unnoticed? Twice he reiterated the same answer. Twice he declared on his honor that not a line of reply had been returned to him. She *was*, then, utterly depraved? No! there was a last excuse left that justice and friendship might still make for her. I made it.

"There is but one explanation of her conduct," I said. "She never received the letter. Where did you send it to?"

"To the rectory."

"Who took it?"

"My own servant."

"He may have lost it on the way, and have been afraid to tell you. Or the servant at the rectory may have forgotten to deliver it."

Oscar shook his head. "Quite impossible! I know Madame Pratolungo received the letter."

"How?"

"I found it crumpled up in a corner inside the fender in *your sitting-room at the rectory.*"

"Had it been opened?"

"It had been opened. She had received it; she had read it; and she had not thrown quite far enough to throw it into the fire. Now, Lucilla! Is Madame Pratolungo an injured woman? and am I a man who has slandered her?"

There was another public seat a few paces distant from us. I could stand no longer—I went away by myself and sat down. A dull sensation possessed me. I could neither speak nor cry. There I sat in silence; slowly wringing my hands in my lap, and feeling the last ties that still bound me to the once-loved friend of former days falling away one after the other, and leaving us parted for life.

He followed me, and stood over me—he summed her up in stern, quiet tones, which carried conviction into my mind, and made me feel ashamed of myself for having ever regretted her.

"Look back for the last time, Lucilla, at what this woman has said and done. You will find that the idea of your marrying Nugent is, under one form or another, always present to her mind. Present alike when she forgets herself and speaks in a rage, or when she reflects and acts with a purpose. At one time she tells you that you would have fallen in love with my brother if you had seen him first. At another time she stands by while my brother is personating me to you, and never interferes to stop it. On a third occasion she sees that you are offended with me, and triumphs so cruelly in seeing it that she tells me to my face your prospect would have been a much happier one if you had been engaged to marry my brother instead of me. She is asked in writing, civilly and kindly asked, to explain what she means by those abominable words. She has had time to reflect since she spoke them; and what does she do? Does she answer me? No! she contemptuously tosses my letter into the fire-place. Add to these plain facts what you yourself have observed. Nugent has all her admiration; Nugent is her favorite: from the first she has always disliked and wronged *me.* Add to this, again, that Nugent (as I know for certain) privately confessed to her that he was himself in love with you. Look at all these circumstances, and what plain conclusion follows? I ask you once more—Is Madame Pratolungo a slandered woman? or am I right in warning you to beware of her?"

What could I do but own that he was right? It was due to him and due to me to close my heart to her from that moment. Oscar sat down by me and took my hand.

"After my experience of her in the past," he went on, softly, "can you wonder that I dread what she may do in the future? Has no such thing ever happened as the parting of true lovers by treachery which has secretly undermined their confidence in each other? Is Madame Pratolungo not clever enough and unscrupulous enough to undermine *our* confidence, and to turn against us, to the wickedest purpose, the influence which she already possesses at the rectory? How do we know that she is not in communication with my brother at this moment?"

I stopped him there—I could not endure it. "You have seen your brother," I said. "You have told me that you and he understand each other. What have you to dread after that?"

"I have to dread Madame Pratolungo's influence, and my brother's infatuation for you," he answered. "The promises which he has honestly made to me are promises which I can not depend on when my back is turned, and when Madame Pratolungo may be with him in my absence. Something under the surface is going on already! I don't like that mysterious letter, which is only to be shown to you on certain conditions. I don't like your father's silence. He has had time to answer your letter. Has he done it? He has had time to answer my postscript. Has he done it?"

Those were awkward questions. He had certainly left both our letters unanswered—thus far. Still, the next post might bring his reply. I persisted in taking this view, and I said so to Oscar. He persisted just as obstinately on his side.

"Suppose we go on to the end of the week," he said, "and still no letter from your father comes for you or for me? Will you admit *then* that his silence is suspicious?"

"I will admit that his silence shows a sad want of proper consideration for *you*," I replied.

"And there you will stop? You won't see (what I see) the influence of Madame Pratolungo making itself felt at the rectory, and poisoning your father's mind against our marriage?"

He was pressing me rather hardly. I did my best, however, to tell him honestly what was passing in my mind.

"I can see," I said, "that Madame Pratolungo has behaved most cruelly to you. And I believe, after what you have told me, that she would rejoice if I broke my engagement, and married your brother. But I can *not* understand that she is mad enough to be actually plotting to make me do it. Nobody knows better than she does how faithfully I love you, and how hopeless it would be to attempt to make me marry another man. Would the stupidest woman living, who looked at you two brothers (knowing what she knows), be stupid enough to do what you suspect Madame Pratolungo of doing?"

I thought this unanswerable. He had his reply to it ready, for all that.

"If you had seen more of the world, Lucilla," he said, "you would know that a true love like yours is a mystery to a woman like Madame Pratolungo. She doesn't believe in it—she doesn't understand it. She knows herself to be capable of breaking any engagement, if the circumstances encouraged her, and she estimates your fidelity by her knowledge of her own nature. There is nothing in her experience of you, or in her knowledge of my brother's disfigurement, to discourage such a woman from scheming to part us. She has seen for herself—what you have already told me—that you have got over your first aversion to him. She knows that women as charming as you are have over and over again married men far more personally repulsive than my brother. Lucilla! something which is not to be outargued, and not to be contradicted, tells me that her return to England will be fatal to my hopes, if that return finds you and me with no closer tie between us than the tie that binds us now. Are these fanciful apprehensions unworthy of a man? My darling, worthy or not worthy, you ought to make allowances for them. They are apprehensions inspired by my love for You!"

Under those circumstances, I could make every allowance for him—and I said so. He moved nearer to me, and put his arm round me.

"Are we not engaged to each other to be man and wife?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"Are we not both of age, and both free to do as we like?"

"Yes."

"Would you relieve me from the anxieties under which I am suffering if you could?"

"You know I would!"

"You *can* relieve me."

"How?"

"By giving me a husband's claim to you, Lucilla—by consenting to marry me in London in a fortnight's time."

I started back and looked at him in amazement. For the moment I was incapable of answering in any other way than that.

"I ask you to do nothing unworthy of you," he said. "I have spoken to a relative of mine living near London—a married lady—whose house is open to you in the interval before our wedding-day. In a fortnight from the time when I get the License we can be married. Write home by all means to prevent them from feeling anxious about you. Tell them that you are safe and happy, and under responsible and respectable care—but say no more. As long as it is possible for Madame Pratolungo to make mischief between us, conceal the place in which you are living. The instant we are married, reveal every thing. Let all your friends, let all the world, know that we are man and wife!"

His arm trembled round me; his face flushed deep; his eyes devoured me. Some women, in my place, might have been offended; others might have been flattered. As for me—I can trust the secret to these pages—I was frightened.

"Is it an elopement that you are proposing to me?" I asked.

"An elopement!" he repeated: "between two engaged people who have only themselves to think of!"

"I have my father to think of, and my aunt to think of," I said. "You are proposing to me to run away from them, and to keep in hiding from them."

"I am asking you to pay a fortnight's visit at the house of a married lady, and to keep the knowledge of that visit from the ears of the worst enemy you have until you have become my wife," he answered. "Is there any thing so very terrible in my request that you should turn pale at it, and look at me in that frightened way? Have I not courted you with your father's consent? Am I not your promised husband? Are we not free to decide for ourselves? There is literally no reason—if it could be done—why we should not be married to-morrow. And you still hesitate? Lucilla! Lucilla! you force me to own the doubt that has made me miserable ever since I have been here. Are you indeed as changed toward me as you seem? Do you really no longer love me as you once loved me in the days that are gone?"

He rose and walked away a few paces, leaning over the parapet with his head in his hands.

I sat alone, not knowing what to say or do. The uneasy sense in me that he had reason to complain of my treating him coldly was not to be dismissed from my mind by any effort that I could make. He had no right to expect me to take the step which he had proposed—there were objections to it which any woman would have felt in my place. Still, though I was satisfied of this, there was an obstinate something in me which would take his part. It could not have been my conscience surely which said to me, "There was a time when his entreaties would have prevailed on you; there was a time when you would not have hesitated as you are hesitating now?"

Whatever the influence was, it moved me to rise from my seat, and join him at the parapet.

"You can not expect me to decide on such a serious matter as this at once," I said. "Will you give me a little time to think?"

"You are your own mistress," he rejoined, bitterly. "Why ask me to give you time? You can take any time you please; you can do as you like."

"Give me till the end of the week," I went on. "Let me be sure that my father persists in not answering either your letter or mine. Though I *am* my own mistress, nothing but his silence can justify me in going away secretly, and being married to you by a stranger. Don't press me, Oscar. It isn't very long to the end of the week."

Something seemed to startle him—something in my voice perhaps which told him that I was really distressed. He looked round at me quickly, and caught me with the tears in my eyes.

"Don't cry, for God's sake!" he said. "It shall be as you wish. Take your time. We will say no more about it till the end of the week."

He kissed me in a hurried, startled way, and gave me his arm to walk back.

"Grosse is coming to-day," he continued. "He mustn't see you looking as you are looking now. You must rest and compose yourself. Come home."

I went back with him, feeling—oh, so sad and sore at heart! My last faint hope of a renewal of my once pleasant intimacy with Madame Pratolungo was at an end. She stood revealed to me now as a woman whom I ought never to have known—a woman with whom I could never again exchange a friendly word. I had lost the companion with whom I had once been so happy; and I had pained and disappointed Oscar. My life has never looked so wretched and so worthless to me as it looked to-day on the pier at Ramsgate.

He left me at the door, with a gentle, encouraging pressure of my hand.

"I will call again, later," he said, "and hear what Grosse's report of you is, before he goes back to London. Rest, Lucilla—rest and compose yourself."

A heavy footstep sounded suddenly behind us as he spoke. We both turned round. Time had slipped by more rapidly than we had thought. There stood Herr Grosse, just arrived on foot from the railway station.

His first look at me seemed to startle and disappoint him. His eyes stared into mine through his spectacles, with an expression of surprise and anxiety which I had never seen in them before. Then he turned his head, and looked at Oscar with a sudden change—a change unpleasantly suggestive (to my fancy) of anger or distrust. Not a word fell from his lips. Oscar was left to break the awkward silence. He spoke to Grosse.

"I won't disturb you and your patient now," he said. "I will come back in an hour's time."

"No! you will come in along with me, if you please. I have something, my young gentlemans, that I may want to say to you." He spoke with a frown on his bushy eyebrows, and pointed in a very peremptory manner to the house door.

Oscar rang the bell. At the same moment my aunt, hearing us outside, appeared on the balcony above the door.

"Good-morning, Mr. Grosse," she said. "I hope you find Lucilla looking her best. Only yesterday I expressed my opinion that she was quite well again."

"Grosse took off his hat sulkily to my aunt, and looked back again at me—looked so hard and so long that he began to confuse me.

"Your aunt's opinions is not my opinions," he growled, close at my ear. "I don't like the looks of you, miss. Go in!"

The servant was waiting for us at the open door. I went in without making any answer. Grosse waited to see Oscar enter the house before him. Oscar's face darkened as he joined me in the hall. He looked half angry, half confused. Grosse pushed himself roughly between us, and gave me his arm. I went up stairs with him, wondering what it all meant.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS

D HIS FAMILY.—[See Page 94.]

ONE LOOK, ONE SMILE OF LOVE.

ANNIE, when from afar I see
The waving of your train,
Which you in simple fashion hold,
Yet with a fine disdain,
I fly,
That I may feast my eye,
As bold
As any bird of prey;
But when I nearer come—ah me,
My courage faints away!

And when I am alone I muse
That were you only near,
Young Love with his old melody
Should so enchant your ear
That you
Nothing could say or do
But stay,
And bid Love still repeat;
And when Love, smiling, would refuse,
Bribe him with kisses sweet!

But when some pity Fortune shows,
And we, alone, converse,
Alas for love, I fear to say
What Love bade me rehearse;
I fear
To utter hopes so dear,
Lest they
Only love's madness prove!
Oh, grant one smile to end my woes,
One look, one smile of love!

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS FAMILY.

AT the present time, when Americans as well as the English people are rejoicing over the recovery of the Prince of Wales from the dangerous sickness which so lately threatened his life, the fine picture of his Royal Highness and his family which we publish this week can not fail to interest our readers. The Prince was married on the 10th of March, 1863, to the Princess ALEXANDRA of Denmark, an amiable and beautiful woman, who at once won the hearts of the people of England. Their marriage has been blessed with six children, of whom five are living. Their names are, ALBERT VICTOR, born in 1864; GEORGE, born in 1865; LOUISE, born in 1867; ALEXANDRA, born in 1868; and AUGUSTA, born in 1869. The only child they have lost was JOHN ALEXANDER, who died in infancy, and to whose memory a monument has been erected in the Sandringham church-yard.

In connection with this illustration it is fitting to recall some of the facts preceding and attending the Prince's recent illness. It was on October 30 that the Prince and Princess left London for Scarborough, where they were received with the utmost enthusiasm. Vast crowds assembled to welcome them. Their procession was almost triumphal, and Londesborough Lodge was ablaze with fire-works. Then followed several days of holiday amusements, of shooting excursions, drives, picnics, and visits to public places. The Prince returned to town on Saturday, November 4, and then appeared to be in his usual health. From Marlborough House the Prince and Princess, with their children, went to Sandringham on the following Monday. His thirtieth birthday was celebrated with the usual honors on the 9th, and it was not until the 13th that he complained of illness. He was treated for whitlow, which disappeared; and then he went on to Lord CARINGTON'S seat, at Grayhurst, where he observed a tonic regimen. On the 22d it was announced that, on account of indisposition, the Prince had postponed his visit to the Maharajah DHULEEP SING, at Thetford, and two days later his physicians stated that he was suffering from typhoid fever. It afterward appeared that the Prince came back sufficiently well to London from Grayhurst to dine at his club, and went to the French play in the evening; but on returning to Sandringham he was seized with severe headache and feverishness. For many days, however, the bulletins were favorable, and it was not until the morning of Friday, December 8, that serious alarm was felt. From that date up to the following Wednesday the patient may be said to have wrestled with death, but then a favorable change took place, and we may now hope that he is steadily on the way to restored health and vigor.

NEPTUNE'S TOWER.

I.

"How much longer are you going to stand there, Janet?"

Richard Limber lay on the turf some minutes, looking at the slender figure on the very verge of the cliff.

"She won't answer," he muttered, and he got up and went toward his cousin.

He was a fine, handsome fellow—a good specimen of the English yeoman—with a broad chest, a broad forehead, over which crisp brown hair lay in bright rings, as if the sunshine had got so burned into it that it lingered yet; blue eyes, clear enough, but with a peculiar angular expression that took from their simplicity, and a mouth and a nose that any one might have been proud of. Richard was just four-and-twenty; a manly, active man, who could hold his own for field sports against any one in the county, and it seemed wonderful that Janet Neale should pay so little heed to him.

He was close beside her now, and, afraid of startling her on that dangerous verge, he took firm hold of her arm.

She turned round sharply. She did not seem startled, only annoyed.

"I came up here for a little peace, a little freedom, Richard. Oh, don't follow me about like a dog, or I shall hate you!" There was an intensity of earnestness in the last words; but either Richard Limber was dull of perception, or he was accustomed to his cousin's moods.

"It's not safe, Janet, your standing on that crumbling ledge; besides, there's no object in it; you can see just as well a few feet inland, and I suppose it's distance you're continually spying after."

There was sullenness, almost defiance, in his last words, and the girl noticed it.

Hitherto she had spoken to him over her shoulder without turning round; she faced him suddenly as she answered.

Her well-formed figure and graceful movement had led one to expect a prettier face. Janet Neale had the beauty of a delicate skin and a well-cut mouth, but her face was thin and worn, and her far-reaching blue eyes were almost painful in their earnestness.

"Richard, don't speak to me in that way. Can't you see that I come here for a little rest from all my daily torment?" She pointed inland, where, far off, but still within sight, a snug-looking farm-house nestled on the side of a hill, half hidden by trees. "I wonder why I don't go back to Uncle Edward's."

The young man was subdued by this appeal.

"I beg your pardon, Janet. I was a fool, and worse, to speak as I did; only you know what it is gets the better of me. Oh, Janet! don't be angry with me, darling; but if you could give up all this hope of seeing Stephen come back, you'd be so much happier. Every body says so. It isn't from selfishness I say it." His cousin's hard, unmoved looks made his tone less confident. "It is chiefly for you—you're grown so pale and altered. You'll be ill, I know you will, my dear girl, and then what ever will become of me?"

"How can you expect me to take your advice, if you won't take mine?" she said, and her face softened to a smile.

"But I will. I'll do any thing you say if you'll only put this idea out of your head. Why, haven't you read it as plain as plain could be in all the papers that the merchant ship *Atalanta* was lost, with all on board? It's not in reason to go on persisting forever, as you do, Janet. You are only killing yourself by inches."

The girl looked very grave, but her voice had lost the harsh tone of her first words.

"I shall not persist forever; that would be wicked. It would be like the girl in the old ballad we used to read when we were young, Dick." How sweet her eyes grew now? Richard writhed and turned away his head as she looked at him. "Don't you recollect the girl who complained to Heaven till she drew down punishment on her sin? No; I mean to go on expecting till Christmas. I can't say what I will do after that, Dick." This was in answer to the eager question in his eyes. "Perhaps I mayn't be here. Who knows what may happen before Christmas?" Then, with a sudden change from plaintive softness to cheerful raillery, "Come, come, Dick, be a man; don't listen to your step-mother. She always makes mischief between us, though she does not mean it. You go and see Lucy Gray. She's worth fifty of me, and she'd make you such a fond, faithful little wife: I know she would."

Richard's eyes blazed with anger.

"Lucy be hanged! What right have you to suppose I want a fond wife—a fond idiot—a girl who doesn't know how to say a word for herself?—a girl who would say 'Yes' to-morrow if I asked her to have me, let me treat her ever so ill? No, thank you, Janet; when I take a wife she shall be harder to win than Lucy Gray."

"Richard, I never said Lucy loved you. I mean that she loves no one else; you are not robbing another if you try to win Lucy. If I were a man, Richard, I would have a love of my own; she should not belong to some one else."

Before he could stop her the girl sprang past him, and hurried along the lane, which wound like a white ribbon across the green downs to the farm-house under the hill.

A woman stands on the flat flag-stone outside the kitchen door; she is pretty, but she is not in keeping with her surroundings. There is not a trace of country breeding in her dark, regular face, not a trace of country fashion in the set of her stuff gown and its plain linen collar.

She shades her keen black eyes with one hand while she gazes in the direction of the lane.

Her lips twitch when she sees Janet.

"Where's Richard? Haven't you seen him?"

"He's up by Neptune's Tower," said Janet, coldly.

"Oh dear! and I want him now this minute. Couldn't you go and tell him so, Janet? It wouldn't take you long," she said, coaxingly; but the girl passed by her and went into the kitchen.

The woman sneered.

"What a fool Dick is! where's the use of my making chances for him, if he won't take them when they come to him?"

Janet had gone to her own bedroom. The kitchen, as it was called, was really the living-room of the family; the parlor in front of the house was much too uncomfortable and stately to sit in, and was only used when the parish priest or the squire's family called on Mrs. Limber. The kitchen was free to all comers, and lately Janet had often been glad of taking refuge in her own bed-chamber from the constant and uncongenial society that found its way to Hillside.

The staircase led straight from the kitchen; going up it, you found yourself at the end of a long gallery with wainscoted walls, and from either side of which a number of bedrooms opened, some with huge beams across the ceiling.

Janet opened the door of a good-sized room—dark from its oak-paneled walls and small lattice window—dark, too, from the heavy red moreen hangings of the huge four-post bed, and the black chairs and cheval-glass; the old dark mahogany chest of drawers had gloomy-looking bronze handles; the floor even was stained to imitate the wainscoting; and the rugs before the fire-place and toilet-table were as sombre as all else.

Janet sat down in one of the funereal looking chairs.

"Why don't I go back to Uncle Edward's?" she said, her face looking sadly wan and withered; "why do I go on staying here in this daily torment? Just because I fancy ship news must reach us here on the coast sooner than in that buried-alive village; and if no news comes—"

She got up from her seat and began to pace the room; it seemed to her that her lot was the hardest that had ever been sent to living woman.

II.

Janet Neale had been left an orphan early; left to the care of a wealthy bachelor uncle, her mother's brother, Edward Martin.

Richard Limber's mother had also been a sister of Mr. Martin; and her widowed husband, Mr. Limber, felt himself defrauded when, some years after he had taken charge of her, the old lawyer announced his intention of leaving all he possessed to his orphan niece Janet.

But Mr. Limber took a second wife, far sharper-witted than himself, and as soon as the state of matters was explained to her she laughed in her husband's face.

"What fools men are!" she said, with a half sneer that made her husband uncomfortable in spite of his admiration for his bride. "Why, instead of looking on this Janet as a rival to your Dick, you should have her here, and let the young folks grow fond of one another."

Mr. Limber stood in open-mouthed wonder at his wife's cleverness; but dull-witted as he was, he had sense enough to see that he had better turn this vexed question over to her management.

A very prettily worded invitation was dispatched to Wortham, and accepted. Mr. Martin was pleased with his brother-in-law's willingness to forgive the slight shown to his son Richard.

Janet was a pretty girl of sixteen, a few years younger than Richard, when first she came to Hillside. The cousins walked and flirted in true cousinly fashion; but when Janet's visit came to an end they were still only friends.

Mrs. Limber was angry; her husband had dared to laugh at her: she railed at Richard for a dull, insensible fool; but he only flung out of the house and swore.

Two years passed before Janet came again to Hillside, and this time she was prettier than ever. There was a subdued gentleness about her—a softened light in her sweet blue eyes—that first aroused her cousin's powers of teasing, and next made him fall distractedly in love with her. It must be confessed that this last result was hastened by the taunts of his step-mother.

"See what you've lost, Dick, by your shilly-shallying ways; your cousin Janet's been and lost her heart to some young spark at Wortham. Girls don't look lackadaisical as she does for nothing."

Richard Limber was just one of the easy-going people who think life is long enough for the fulfillment of all their wants and wishes; there is no need that they should take care or exert themselves; all will come right as surely as fruit comes in autumn: but, like other lazy people, directly he suspected that some one else had come between himself and the result he expected, it seemed to him that Janet must be his wife. Why, now that he fairly roused up and came to think about it, he had never seen a girl he liked half so well as he liked his pretty cousin; he would speak to her at once. He went into the kitchen, after listening to his step-mother's reproaches, and found Janet sitting there, dreamily stroking the sleeping kitten on her knee.

"By Jove, she is pretty!—the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life!" And then his father came in and spoiled his opportunity.

But Richard's awakening had come too late. That very afternoon, as the family sat drinking tea at one end of the long deal table, and as Richard, in the intense longing he had to find himself alone with his cousin, had not made half such a meal as usual, there came a knock at the front-door.

Janet had been in a fitful, excited mood all day, but now she started up, blushing and trembling.

"Don't look scared, my dear," said Mr. Limber; "it's only Harry Jones come to tell me how his new chaff-cutting machine goes on. I'm sure I hope it's all right, for he's a terrible crusty fellow is Harry, and I persuaded him to try this machine."

Richard went to the door. Mrs. Limber's sharp eyes were fixed on Janet. She had been struck by the girl's sudden blush, and as she watched the nervous movement of her hands—her head bent as if striving to hide her face from scrutiny—Mrs. Limber drew a deep breath; it was no surprise to her to see the door thrown wide open, and to hear Richard announce, "A visitor for you, Janet."

But when the visitor came in—a man about thirty years of age, of middle height, with a face in which decision and power were far more to be remarked than any beauty of feature—Mrs. Limber looked nervous too, and her color changed rapidly.

No one noticed her. The stranger announced himself as Stephen Brent; he gave a sort of impulsive glance at Mrs. Limber—a glance which might have been either recognition or admiration—and then he went up to Janet. His manner and the girl's downcast, blushing gladness so riveted the attention of both father and son that they had no observation for any one besides: and people like Richard Limber and his father usually find one idea as much as they can manage at once.

After tea the three men went out into the garden and smoked their pipes in a green summer-house at the end overlooking the turnip field. You could see Neptune's Tower from here just breaking the vast sea-line that stretched as far as eye could reach round the outlying point on which the old ruin stood; it was November, so there was little of color in the garden, except the scarlet berries between the French windows of the drawing-room, and some lingering torch-lily blossoms among the laurels; but the herb-garden was near the summer-house, and kept it fragrant all the year round.

As soon as the men left the kitchen, Mrs. Limber had stepped into her husband's business-room, on the right of the entrance passage, to take counsel with herself.

Till now she had always felt kindly toward Janet Neale, partly because the girl's bright, sweet nature had a way of winning those she lived with, partly because Mrs. Limber looked on Janet's future wealth as a means of increasing the position of the family—and position was Harriet Limber's idol. She did not know how firmly her heart was set on this world's goods, but, in reality, she would have given up all she held dear to be the equal of the wife of the Squire of Trant.

Every day of her life, when she looked at her still pretty face in the glass, Mrs. Limber cursed the foolish haste she had shown in accepting the offer of her farmer-husband. But she forgot that "the horizon mounts with the climber," and that the position she now despised had seemed a great rise in the world of Harriet Gray, the poor teacher at a London boarding-school in St. John's Wood.

Into that boarding-school life had come one episode. A pupil, fascinated by Miss Gray's bright face, had asked her home for the holidays—a very pleasant home in a quiet little North-country rectory. To that home had come a cousin, a young sailor; and being told Miss Gray's story, he did his best to be kind to the friendless girl in a frank, manly way, spite of a decided prejudice which he had taken at first sight against her. But with all his kindness, the prejudice so mastered him that on the last day of his visit he said to his uncle:

"Don't encourage a friendship between Peggy and Miss Gray. I don't say there's any harm in her, but there's no simplicity, and I don't want to see my fresh little cousin spoiled."

Either Harriet willfully deceived herself or she let vanity blind her. She managed to lend Peggy's cousin a book, and this led to a correspondence; he only wrote her one note, but on this she traded, and when Peggy's father fell ill, and her cousin came to take her home, Miss Gray managed to see him, and also to let him see that he had won her affections. After this she wrote a self-upbraiding letter, deploring the impulsive nature which had led her to forget the restraint which her wretched position should have taught her. To this she got an answer—a kind, manly note, in which the writer begged her to forget any thing which might pain her to remember, and of which he assured her that, should they ever meet again, no word or look of his should ever remind her.

Harriet Gray crushed the letter up in her hand furiously, and five minutes after smoothed it out and kissed it. She made Mr. Limber's acquaintance soon afterward, and married him as soon as he asked her; but she always kept hidden away in an old pocket-book the letter which was at once so cruel and so dear. This letter was signed Stephen Brent, and Mrs. Limber's kindly feelings for Janet Neale underwent a strange revulsion when her practiced eyes had told her that this same Stephen Brent was the orphan girl's accepted lover.

"He sha'n't marry her, that's settled!" And then she stood by her husband's desk, drumming her slender fingers on the worm-eaten leather cover of his great account-book, pausing between each angry sentence. "If Dick were not such a slow-witted fool, it would be easier; and yet he is obstinate; so if I can only put him on the right track, there will be less fear of her influence. Yes, I think it may be managed—may?—it must be!"

She staid some minutes longer, and then she went back to the kitchen.

Janet sat at the table, her elbows rested on it, and her clasped hands hid her face between them.

Mrs. Limber felt she hated her.

"Why should Janet marry the man she loves? She has no depth of feeling." This was in answer to a qualm of conscience. "She is just the girl to be happy with Richard. Why, how contented she is with this boorish life! She knows no better."

And then she spoke to Janet in such tender, winning words, and put her arm so fondly round her, that the girl reproached herself for the judgment she had till now passed on Mrs. Limber—she had thought her kind and hospitable, but thoroughly selfish.

Since her old nurse died, two years ago, Janet had kept her confidences to herself, and this unexpected affection, coming when her heart was so full of pent-up joy, disarmed all prudent reserve.

She turned round, hid her face on Mrs. Limber's shoulder, and cried quietly.

"Poor dear child! I am so glad—so very glad! And does Uncle Edward approve of this attachment?"

Janet looked up and wiped her eyes.

"I should like to trust you," she said; and the confiding, simple words made the worldly woman's heart wince with pain. "Only, can you keep it from uncle and Dick? I do love Uncle Edward so that I can't bear other people to know before he does. He knows Stephen, but he does not know that we care about each other. I don't think"—she blushed—"I quite knew it till I came here."

"Ah!" Mrs. Limber tried to suppress the deep-drawn breath that came with the discovery. "Then all those letters your uncle's housekeeper has been forwarding to you here were from Stephen? How will you manage when your uncle gets back to Wortham? Mrs. Carter may not ask questions about your correspondent, but your uncle will notice after a bit."

"It is chiefly about uncle that Stephen has come now," said Janet, eagerly. "We don't want to do any thing underhand—but uncle has such a prejudice against sailors! he says no one belonging to him shall ever marry a sailor; and Stephen is to sail again almost directly—will be away a year and a half, he expects; after that he means to give up the sea and settle as a landsman. And he thought he would not speak to Uncle Edward till he came back, lest I might be vexed in his absence. Then he says, too, when he is a landsman it will not be asking Uncle Edward to break his word."

"I see," said Mrs. Limber; and her lips pinched themselves together.

"But I can't bear the deceit," said Janet, earnestly, "and I shall try to persuade Stephen to tell him when he comes back from Scotland."

"I think you will be most unwise, then."

Janet looked up, surprised at the change in Mrs. Limber's petting voice; but her uncle's wife was looking out of the window, and she could not see her face.

"Why do you think so?"

Just then Molly, the dairy-maid, came to speak to her mistress, and before her aunt returned to the kitchen Stephen Brent had found his way there, and had asked Janet to go with him along the cliffs.

She came home alone; sad enough, poor girl; her lover had to sail from Liverpool next day, and had only found his way to Hillside to say good-by.

"Keep up heart, my darling," he had said; "a year and a half, and, please God, we'll never part again."

It was just two years since Stephen Brent had sailed when we first saw Richard Limber and his cousin Janet beside Neptune's Tower.

Two years full of events for Janet. Her uncle Edward, instead of returning from Scotland, had been persuaded to join some friends on a visit to New York; he had gone thence to Mexico, and, from various causes, his return had been delayed six months. Janet lingered on at Hillside: the Limbers were anxious to keep her there, and the sea-coast had now an attraction which she made no effort to resist.

"But I will go back to Wortham directly Uncle Edward is expected, and then I will tell him every thing as soon as Stephen gives me leave."

Poor Janet! The next news she got of her uncle was that he had been seized with apoplexy soon after he landed; before he could reach Liverpool he was dead. It was a sore trial: Janet had known her uncle better than either of her parents, and she mourned him with a deep, quiet sorrow.

She was to come into possession of all her uncle's property at twenty-one years of age. Mr. Limber was appointed her guardian, and the will advised that, in the event of her uncle Edward's death while she was a minor, she should live at Hillside. Mrs. Limber smiled when she heard of this clause.

At first Janet made herself happy enough at the farm. She got letters from Stephen, an' she could stand on the cliff for hours, picturing to herself the unknown seas her lover's ship was traversing. Suddenly the letters ceased; then came a rumor, and then a terrible certainty, that the merchant ship *Atalanta* had perished—foundered in a gale, so it was supposed, with every hand on board. Wives and children and sweethearts accepted the fact. Janet only would not accept it. She would not show any outward sorrow; she would not wear mourning. "Stephen will come still," she said; but daily she grew thinner and paler, and daily she staid longer and longer on the verge of the cliff by Neptune's Tower.

But for this irresistible attraction the sea had over her, she would have gone back to Uncle Edward's, as she still called Wortham; but she knew that if Stephen wrote he would write to Hillside. A fresh torment had come to her in this misery of suspense—a doubt of Mrs. Limber's good faith.

"She is so anxious that I should marry Dick, that I sometimes think she hopes the news is true," the pale, heavy-eyed girl said to herself.

Latterly Mrs. Limber had persecuted her—in a kind way, certainly—but with a perseverance that was hard to bear. She felt sure Stephen would never be heard of, and she said to Richard that in Janet's weak, ailing state, she might be more easily worked on.

One night, after she had been asleep, it seemed to Janet that she wakened—wakened to find a cold clasp on her left wrist. Looking at this in what seemed to her full daylight, she found it encircled by a broad silver cord; while she looked the cord broadened, and drew her with it so easily, and yet so irresistibly, that she could not have told whether her will had any voice in the movement. The cord lay now at her feet, a broad and shining path, and she followed it to the base of Neptune's Tower, though it seemed as if there had been scarcely time to traverse the farm-house garden. Something kept her standing beneath the tower, but the path went on, on, over the edge of the cliff, far away to sea. Janet stood still, gazing in breathless expectation. Toward her, along the line of rippling silver, came first a mist; it darkened into a shadow; and then, as it reached the edge of the cliff, it took the form of her lover, Stephen Brent. She pressed forward to reach him, but he pointed to the rocks beneath the edge of the steep cliff, and then he signed to her to listen.

Indistinct at first, but swelling cheerily through the frosty air, came the sound of distant church-bells ringing the joyous peal that only sounds to herald peace on earth, good-will toward men—the peal that ushers in the birthday of the Lord. She looked up as she listened. The moon had sunk much lower, and the stars were shining overhead, as if they too rang joy-bells in the clear, cold air.

Again she looked toward Stephen. He was not there; but, mingling with the Christmas bells, it seemed to her she heard these words distinctly, "On Christmas-eve."

III.

"What has come to Janet? She grows more cheerful every day. I believe she's getting over her trouble, after all."

Mr. Limber stood in the chicken-yard, talking to his wife, about a week before Christmas. He said this by way of diverting Mrs. Limber's attention from the massacre he was contemplating. Mr. Limber was fond of sending Christmas hampers to his London friends, and his wife was not disposed to second his liberality.

"Never mind Janet. Then you only want two turkeys, dear? Quite enough, too, I'm sure; and the geese, I know, we shall be wanting ourselves further on."

But Mrs. Limber had seen the change in Janet before her husband saw it, and had been sorely puzzled to account for it. The farmer's words set her thinking. "Can she have heard from Stephen? He was a strong, powerful fellow. He may have been saved, after all—saved for her, just as my poor Dick is feeling happy about her. No, she shall never marry Stephen Brent: if there were no other reason, the money sha'n't go away to a stranger."

Christmas-eve at last. At breakfast-time Richard could not take his eyes from his cousin. A soft, rosy color was on her cheeks, there was the full liquid depth which happiness only can give in her sweet blue eyes. He noticed, too, that her fair silken hair, which for months past she had strained tightly from her face, waved now in the graceful, careless fashion in which she had worn it two years ago.

Love stirred strongly in Richard's heart; to other women he was a coxcomb, but he really loved his cousin Janet. What could this change mean? His father and Mrs. Limber were right, and his constant devotion had touched his cousin's heart at last. Janet meant to be his wife.

His father seemed unusually long over his paper this morning; but at last his step-mother, to whom Richard managed to hint his wishes, called her husband away, and the cousins were left alone together.

Richard went up to Janet as she sat still at the table. There was a flush on his handsome face, and his hand trembled nervously.

"Janet"—he spoke very softly, but she started and looked up at him. The frank kind glance took away his confidence: if she had blushed or seemed confused, he would have felt happier. "Janet," he said, in an agitated voice, "won't you try to love me—just a little? More will come after if you only try."

She smiled at him brightly.

"But I do love you, Dick. I always mean to love you. Why, you are the only cousin I have in the world."

"Ah, but I don't want that sort of love, Janet. I want you to be my wife."

"Look here, Dick"—she took his hand in hers, and spoke so very earnestly that the young man stood as if under a spell—"I will tell you what I would not tell to any one else. I know—not by any letter or any thing that you would call real knowledge—but I know surely that Stephen will come back: he is coming back to-night."

Richard looked quickly at her. Was his step-mother right in saying that Janet was crazy?

"Ah, you don't believe me," she went on, in a bright, excited way that puzzled her listener; "but I am so sure—so very sure. Come, Dick, if he does not come, I will forfeit any thing you like."

He grasped the hand that held his tightly.

"Will you forfeit yourself, Janet? If Brent doesn't come, will you marry me in a fortnight?"

She grew pale for a moment, and then she laughed.

"Ah, you don't believe, Dick. Yes, I will marry you in a fortnight if Stephen does not come to-night. Will you believe now?"

"Well said, lass." Mr. Limber had come in from the chicken-yard while she spoke. "That's the best news I have heard this many a day."

Janet snatched her hand away from her cousin, and hurried up stairs to her bedroom. She could not explain her words to her uncle; she felt frightened; it seemed to her now that she had better not have spoken them.

"But they meant nothing. Dick knew that when I said them; he knows I would rather die than marry any one but Stephen."

She repeated the loved name softly, in a fonder, more and more caressing tone, and then hid her eyes in her hands, trembling at the tumult of passionate joy. It seemed to her that she was quite different from the timid, shrinking Janet who had watched Stephen take his way along the cliff last November two years. Latterly she had felt hardened against the world; but now her whole nature kindled. She could incur any risk, brave any danger, only to be safe in Stephen's arms once more, and see his dear face again.

The day wore on: to Janet the hours dragged slowly. She strayed here and there, now in the garden, now in her own room. She had resolved not to go to Neptune's Tower till dark—at any rate, till after the second post arrived, and it came late in the afternoon to Hillside.

She saw the postman coming fast up the road, but he had no letter for Miss Neale. For a moment her heart sank.

"But I had no warning to expect a letter—my warning showed that he would come to Neptune's Tower."

In reality she did not expect to see Stephen till midnight, for she knew the Christmas bells would not ring till then; but she was too impatient to wait any longer; she turned back to the house, got a large cloak to wrap herself in, and then went, with throbbing heart and steps so light and bounding that they seemed scarcely to touch the grass, to Neptune's Tower.

IV.

Mrs. Limber sat beside the kitchen fire. Events were going the way she wished, and yet there was a look of dissatisfaction on her dark, scheming countenance. There was more expression in her face than there had been when she married Mr. Limber, but the face itself was less pleasant to look at; her lips closed more firmly, and so looked thinner, and lines of anxiety and unrestrained temper were tracing themselves on her forehead and round her mouth, outlining the furrows Time would plow there.

"I've been a fool, after all," she murmured. "Janet's delicate, and she might have died if I had let her go back to that damp, unhealthy Wortham, and then her money must have come to Richard as heir-at-law, for she is safe not to have made a will. I want the money in the family, and I want Dick to have it; but I don't want a younger, prettier Mrs. Limber here. The old man dotes on her now: how will it be when she really is his daughter? And as to Dick, I don't know what to make of him—ungrateful lout of a fellow. What did he mean by sulking when I asked him the truth of what his father heard Janet say this morning? In a fortnight? I must make up my mind soon whether I really mean this marriage to take place or not."

The opening door startled her. She was conscious of the evil feelings in her face, and she tried to make it wear a different expression before she turned round and faced her visitor.

But when she turned round she started. It was Richard; he looked as white and scared as though he had seen a ghost.

"Richard, why—" then flying into anger at his dumb, awe-struck face. "Don't stand there with your mouth open. What is it?"

"Who do you think I saw coming down the lane from Trant as I stood in the pig-yard? Him—him—himself, Brent!"

Mrs. Limber made no answer. She had grown very pale, and she stood there with parted lips, showing her teeth tight set between them.

"He's coming here," Richard said. "You've only a minute. Oh, it is too hard to give her up when she's all but mine!"

He wrung his hands with a weak despairing movement, and her contempt brought back Mrs. Limber's courage.

"Give her up! If you are such a fool as even to dream of it, I won't help you, Dick. Don't you show at all; just leave him to me. Go to one of the upper windows, and make sure she doesn't come in from the Tower."

As soon as his heavy footstep had ceased overhead, Mrs. Limber jumped up and went quickly into the entrance of the yard, where the black pigs were disporting themselves on the sodden straw.

She had scarcely stood there a minute when she saw some one coming down the lane from the little village.

Quick as lightning she ran round through the side gate, and was standing under the arch cut in the yew hedge, in full view of the road, before the wayfarer had reached it.

Yes, it was Stephen, but not the pale, half-drowned wretch she had often pictured him. He looked healthy and prosperous, and the bright, joyous sparkle in his eyes stung her jealousy. In a minute he had come up to her, and was grasping both her slender hands in his strong brown fingers.

"Won't you say 'Welcome home,' Mrs. Limber, to a poor castaway sailor?"

He smiled so winningly that the wretched woman felt her old love for him stir in her heart. She could hardly keep from throwing her arms round his neck.

She forgot her husband, and Janet too, in the joy of seeing him safe.

"I'll tell you every thing," he said; "but first, where's Janet?"

Mrs. Limber could not check the anger that flamed in her eyes.

"Janet! You don't suppose that Janet has waited all these years for you? She would have been my daughter-in-law if you had come a few days later. Never mind Janet, Stephen."

All the love she felt shone out in her dark eyes, but Stephen was too full of her words to care for her feelings, although he remembered her glance afterward.

"What do you mean?" he said, sternly. "Where is Janet? Let her tell me herself that she has given me up. I won't believe it except from her!"

"Janet is not here," said Mrs. Limber. A minute ago she had shivered from head to foot with terror lest all her scheme should be defeated, for she had seen her husband crossing the field on the further side of the lane; but a sudden light came to her. "If you will not believe me, you will believe my husband. Richard!" she called out shrilly. The farmer came out into the lane, and stood looking at Stephen in silent wonder. "Before you speak to Mr. Brent, will you be good enough to tell him who your niece Janet is going to marry?"

"Why, Dick, of course," said the farmer; then recovering himself, he held out his hand to Stephen.

"I'm heartily glad to see you back," he said. "It seems hard on you that Janet should have changed her mind, but such things will happen, you know, Mr. Brent, and she did fret after you a good bit; but she's as happy now as the day's long; and I do think," he added, with most unusual energy, "that it would be mortal cruel to trouble her happiness. They're to be married in a fortnight, sure and certain."

Mrs. Limber stands watching Stephen's face; there has been a fierce struggle in it; and even now she can not guess what the end will be. She feels desperate—capable of any thing that will bring about the issue on which she is resolved.

"Well, but Richard," she says, gently, watching Stephen furtively while she speaks, "perhaps, for old friendship's sake, Janet might like to see Mr. Brent. You need not think it would trouble her happiness: only the other day she said to me, 'If I could only know poor Stephen was safe, I should be so happy.' And I think Mr. Brent could hardly expect so young and unformed a girl to withstand her cousin's love—they are such a well-matched pair. But yet," she sighs, and whispers so that her husband can not hear, "I wish she had kept true to you."

Ever since Mr. Limber spoke Brent has stood as if stunned; only the working of his strongly marked face tells his suffering. He seems insensible to the wife's words, but he felt their sting; and at this last thrust he turns abruptly away.

"True!" he says, scoffingly; "there never was a true woman!" And without any leave-taking, he strides sullenly back by the way he came.

V.

Janet has been pacing up and down the cliff's edge—not thinking; her mind is too full of tumult for any one thought to rest there. It seems to her as if this whirl will not cease till she sees her lover; but at last fatigue conquers, and she sits down at the foot of the old tower, wrapped in her cloak.

It has grown quite dark, and the stars have come out, one after another, glowing with yet more silvery brightness. High above her head is the lovely star Stephen pointed out to her on that last evening when they stood together where she now stands—beside Neptune's Tower; and as she looks up at it the excitement fades from her spirits, tears spring to her eyes, and for a moment she doubts whether she has been right in persisting in her belief that he has not perished. It is a mark of her simple, child-like nature that she never has doubted Stephen—never feared that, though he might have escaped the perils of shipwreck, he might be dead to her love. She reproaches herself that on this holy night her thoughts have all been turned on self—she has forgotten the coming festival.

Still, as hour after hour passes, her heart grows heavier. Suddenly, in the midst of the devout thoughts she has evoked, there comes back to her her rash promise to her cousin. She springs up from the ground and goes to the extreme edge of the cliff; the stars give so bright a light that there is no fear of losing her footing in the darkness.

"I must have been mad to say it. Marry Dick!" she murmurs; "I would rather fall on those rocks, and be carried out to sea, where perhaps my Stephen lies!"

The plash plash of the advancing water seems to applaud her words—the plash grows louder—the wind rises and towers the waves into angry foaming crests—the spray dashes higher and higher, and as each wave breaks on the face of the cliffs there comes a sullen, hoarse murmur, as if the creaming monsters long to clasp the human prey above.

Janet stands gazing down at them, so spelled and intent that she does not hear advancing footsteps.

A firm arm clasps her waist.

"Come, come, Janet! it is late. Father is worrying his life out to know what's come of you!"

"I can't help it—I mean to stay here till the Christmas bells ring out from Blackwater."

"That won't be for another hour. I guessed what you were at, and I put father off as long as I could; but he's in a real fidget now. Come, come, Janet! you are almost my wife now."

"Your wife, Richard? Do you know what I was thinking just as you came?"—she has drawn herself away, and she speaks almost haughtily. "I would rather drown on those rocks, Dick, than be the wife of any one but Stephen Brent."

"Amen!" Stephen's deep, strong voice seems to come from the leaping, foaming waves, but it scarcely startles Janet. There is help and protection and love, all joined, in that one word. His arms are round her, and she clasps hers tightly round his neck, as if she fears he may yet be taken from her.

"What do you mean?" Richard Limber knows that his hope is over, but still he will not yield Janet.

"I mean"—Stephen raises his head to look at his rival, but he holds Janet clasped closer than ever—"that you had better go back to Hillside. You can tell Mrs. Limber that though I went away like a jealous fool some hours ago, I came to my senses in time. Just now I learned what I might have learned before if I had seen the maid instead of the mistress—I learned where I should find your cousin, and I came to know the truth from herself."

* * * * * * *

Richard sulked and swaggered for some weeks after his cousin's marriage to Stephen Brent, but by next Christmas-eve he was quite consoled. Having taken to himself the "fond idiot," Lucy Gray, he has discovered that she is, after all, a prettier woman than Janet.

Mrs. Limber still lives with her husband at Hillside. Her health has given way, folks say: it is certain that she is never well enough to accompany the farmer when he visits Mr. and Mrs. Brent at Wortham.